

1913

## 1913 Kooltuu

Central Washington University

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K O O L T U O

A BOOK PUBLISHED ANNUALLY  
BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF THE  
WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL  
AT ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON

VOLUME VII

# Prologue

*Into the hands of our friends and fellow-students who  
can praise as well as criticise, we are sending this, our book*

*That the past may be brought to your minds with its  
brightest hours marked—*

*That the present may be happily remembered when it  
shall be a part of the past and*

*That we may, in a measure, prepare the way for  
future Kooltuos.*



46227



## Dedication

*No greater gift can be bestowed upon him who deserves it than honor, and whereas the members of the Class of 1914 of the Washington State Normal School, have published this volume of the Kooltuu, they dedicate it as a token of their love and veneration to*

*M. C. HUTCHINSON*

*The energetic and liberal director of speech arts of their school.*

## Poem

Reader—gentle—if so be  
Such still live, and live for me,  
Will it please you to be told  
What my tenscore pages hold?

Turn my pages—never mind  
If you like not all you find;  
Think not all the grains are gold  
Sacramento's sand-banks hold.

Every kernel has its shell,  
Every chime its harshest bell  
Every face its weariest look,  
Every shelf its emptiest book,

Every field its leanest sheaf,  
Every book its dullest leaf,  
Every leaf its weakest line,  
Shall it not be so with mine?

Best for worst shall make amends,  
Find us, keep us, leave us friends  
Till, perchance, we meet again.  
Benedicite—Amen!

—Holmes.

# Contents

DEDICATION  
PROLOGUE  
CONTENTS  
STAFF  
MEMORIAL  
A POPULAR FALLACY  
CLASSES:  
Seniors  
Juniors  
Sophomores  
Freshmen  
TRAINING SCHOOL:  
Tenth Grade  
ALUMNI  
EDITORIALS  
LITERARY DEPARTMENT  
DRAMATICS  
STUDENTS DAY  
SOCIETY  
MUSIC  
Treble Clef  
Glee Club  
LITERARY SOCIETIES  
Y. W. C. A.  
JUNIOR AND SENIOR COMING OUT  
SNAPS  
DORMITORY  
ATHLETICS  
CLUB HOUSE  
JOKES  
ADVERTISEMENTS

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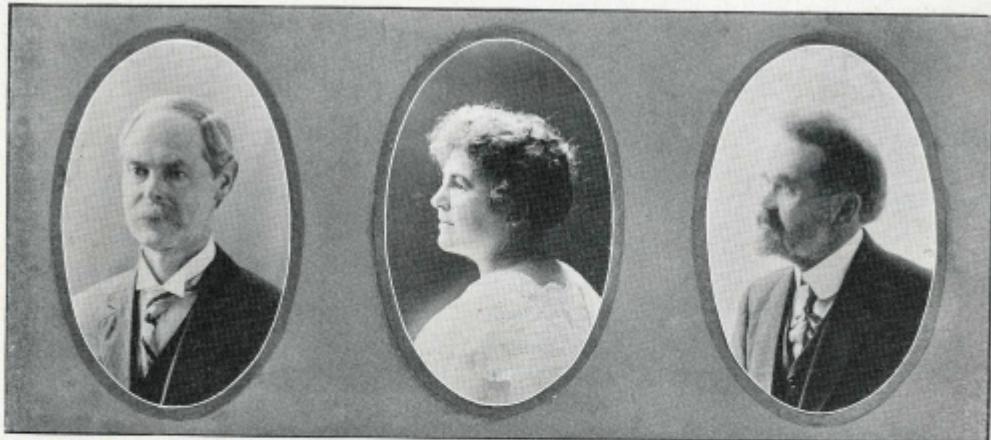
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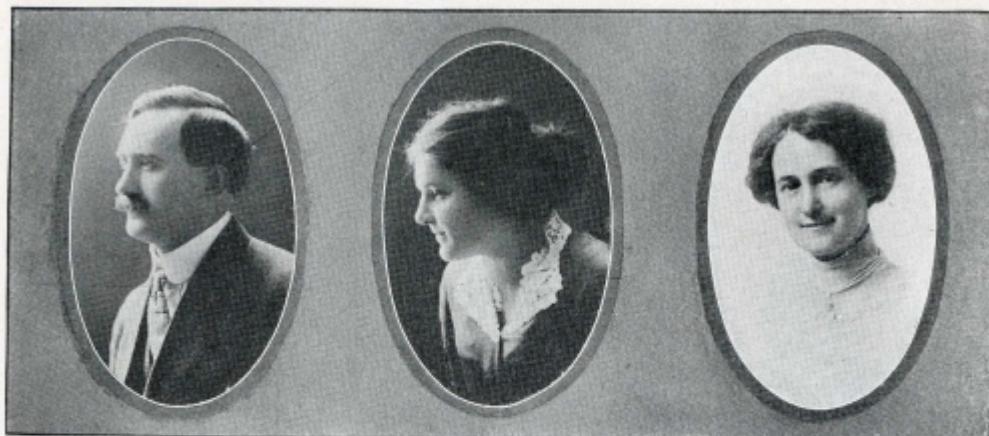
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## In Memoriam

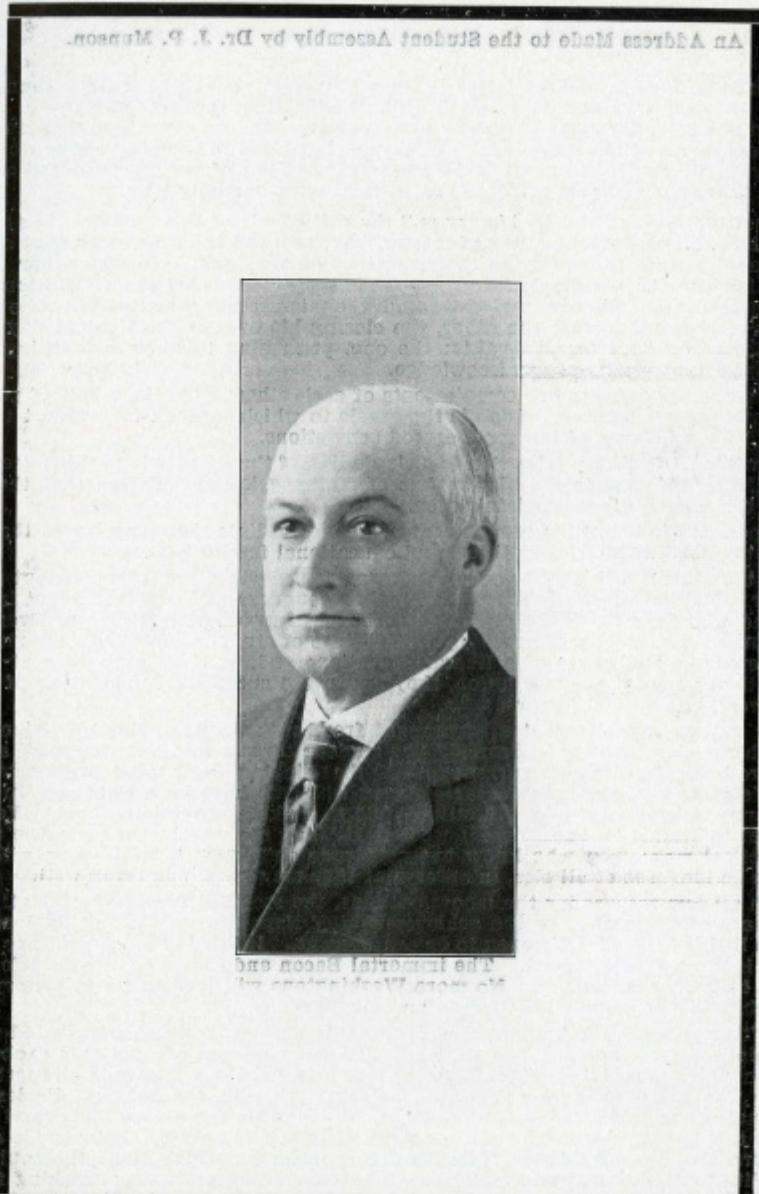
### PROFESSOR JAMES W. NESBIT

A man of rare character and ability, cheerful and optimistic in temper, actively enthusiastic in sharing the social life of the school as well as in guiding the intellectual and spiritual life of those who came within his care; Professor Nesbit won the esteem and love of faculty and students alike.

Those who knew him know that they have known a good man; those who have shared his thought, as students or fellow workers, have felt the cheer and encouragement of his optimism.

His absence from the school is deeply felt. The results of his work in class and elsewhere, will not soon be lost.





Dr. T. G. Murphy  
An Address Made at the Annual Meeting of the New England Veterinary Association, Boston, Mass., April 10, 1908.

# A Popular Fallacy

An Address Made to the Student Assembly by Dr. J. P. Munson.

Perhaps no idea in modern times is more universally accepted as true than this, that man owes his greatness to specialization of education, industry and trade. Concentration of effort, practical education now recommended on every hand, these are but different forms of the same idea. While specialization in the past, though by no means invariably, has led to great achievements, the effects of our present blind adherence to it bear unmistakable evidence that it is at most partially true.

Consult philosophy and its history and the evil effects of this maxim is at once seen. Minds, biased by long study of matter, have reached the conclusion that everything is matter, that thoughts are the secretions of the brain. On the other hand, those confined to the contemplation of mind alone have revealed the conclusion that everything is mind. The one, seeing through the microscope, perceives but the manifestation of physical forces; the other, closing his eyes to the light of day, sees but the shadows of his own thoughts; the one, presuming to know everything; the other denying the validity of any knowledge.

These two systems are but complements of each other; each the result of powers usurped and powers ignored. Such is the oracle to which we look for support to our hopes, and for a defence of our most sacred convictions.

But while a too close application to a single line of thought leads to this miserable philosophising, it is not in the airy realms of metaphysical speculation that the evil effects of this maxim are most plainly seen.

We perceive in it but the remote center, whence radiate the many forces that are shaping our social, industrial, political and educational institutions.

What is all this talk about useless and ornamental education, this constant advocacy of practical knowledge. There is scarcely a county school superintendent in this broad land who does not insist on the importance of practical instruction. Even our colleges urge the necessity of pursuing special lines of study, often before the student has mastered the rudiments of a liberal education; and, as if an early bias of mind were worthy of special commendation, they crown the successful suppression of God-given powers with special honors.

How can we expect freedom of thought from such parsimonious provisions for its growth and development? Scarcely is a student thrown into the stream of active life, before he drifts along its current toward that single object, the nearest cataract. Thousands of men in our manufacturing establishments have been engaged in the manufacture of boot-tops, who are still unable to make a complete boot. Yet it seems that this must be encouraged; we say 'tis thus the world advances; the times need practical men; men who know but one trade and know it well—men who are willing to be ignorant of all else, in order that they may know one thing well.

With all due respect for the labors of Kant, the secluded drudgery of Watt; the perseverance of Stevenson; or the achievements of Napoleon we can but deplore our fate, if so little of the world is open to our enjoyment. If this is the acme of our powers, then is life a dream indeed. The immortal Bacon and Cicero will remain forever enviable, historical curiosities. No more Washingtons will lead us on to victory; no more Websters inspire us with wisdom and eloquence.

No, 'tis not so! The human mind is not this powder, which concentrated at a single point, cleaves the rock and vanishes; its many powers are not this exuberant vegetation which must be uprooted in order that a favored few may gain strength and prosper. The universe is its workshop, the earth, the air, the heavens, its lessons. Neither matter nor mind, neither the finite nor the infinite, can escape its normal scrutiny. In this is ample scope for all our powers; and it is only by the exercise of all our powers, that we can extract from them the nectar on which alone the soul subsists. With mind unimpaired by disguise; unhampered by prejudice; working freely under self-involved law, we gather from this sublime environment, solace to our sorrows, composure to our fears, and wisdom to our ignorance. When we return weary from the workshop, the field, or the market, the lillies greet us by the wayside; the bob-o-link and the robins warble in the treetops; we see green meadows and waving wheat fields stretching out before us; the distant clouds blushing from the farewell kisses of the setting sun. A new life swells within us, and beats responsive to new impulses; the weariness of toil is lessened; the gloom of poverty and the cares of wealth alike vanish; and we breathe anew the healing breath of truth, beauty and love.

'Tis true we need practical men. But are these men of one faculty and one idea practical men? Do they solve the great problems of life—problems as profound and varied today as when first responsibility rapped at the door of human conscience? The aim of all free governments should be, to enable each to govern himself. The responsibility of a state is inversely as the perfection of the individual. Its prosperity can be measured only by the prosperity of the individual. Yet his independence is sacrificed for the pecuniary gains of the state. Our great specialization of education and labor necessarily leads to centralization of power—the usurpation by a few of the rights of the many. Make the laborers but a member of an organic body, and you must give the body a head or it will die. Make the citizen but a wheel in the great machine of state, and government is as indissoluble and arbitrary as the engineer who stops and starts a locomotive with a single lever.

The law of division of labor, when allowed free sway, is self-destructive; competition, its very soul, dies with the independence of the laborer. Yet this, apparently, does not disturb the slumbers of those who sleep on downy pillows, and dream of emancipated labor, and of governments, as dethroned usurpers of the past.

The failure of tyrants, in the past, to keep religion and education, mind and body, separate, resulted in the overthrow of despotism. When a subject saw his rights, felt the abuse, and knew how to redress it, feudal castles and royal prerogative vanished. When, here and there, a lonely star sends forth its feeble light, the wolves descend upon their prey; but when the "orb of day and victor over night" emits its myriad rays of light and life, the shadows of night pass silently away; the beasts of prey seek each his dismal lair; the threatened flocks graze on the green plains and hillside; the hideous howls of night, now with the echoes of retreating foes, only enhance the serene grandeur of smiling nature.

Our demand for greater production is but a mental product. Nature, every year, clothes itself in its usual verdure; the genial sun and refreshing showers of summer, falling on waving meadows, fields and forests, like manna from the sky, build busily the elements of the soil, sea and air into golden sheaves and luscious fruits of autumn. Abundance is nature's gracious tribute. Yet the daily care of thousands is how to gain a livelihood. We cry for more productions while we are incompetent to dispose of what we have. With but one ruling passion, one active power, one line of effort, we chase blindly the phantoms of wealth; sacrifice our happiness; neglect our duties to others; and not less our duties to ourselves. We close the golden casket and lose the fair one we seek to win.

What are all our social troubles but a narrowness of soul, of mind and of heart? What is it, but a mental myopia, which sees but the prison walls within which it moves—a paralysis of the heart which feels not the gentle touch of sympathy, and is not moved by one generous emotion? The poor, enslaved by the specialized activity, see before them the frowning clouds of misery, but are unable to flee; their homes are as dark and desolate as their workshops. No fond memories cluster around their firesides; no music wakes within them the symphonies of Mozart; no Longfellow sings to them of love; but the moaning wind lends its chorus to their despairing souls.

The rich, equally narrow, hoard their wealth with little satisfaction, and the poor cannot but envy their apparent bliss. Abject poverty and dire need gather hungrily the spilt abundance of our extravagance; health and beauty pale in the shadows of princely mansions; the millionaire served with fruits of every clime, longs for more; fearful, lest he should not prove immortal, he builds monuments to his own memory; yet, unscrupulously snatches from his wretched neighbor his last crust of bread. These are the men we call practical. This is the education we seek to promote. Before this pile of Mammon we reverently bow, and sacrifice upon its altars our lives, our happiness and our sacred honors. But how lightly do we estimate modest works. Few bid it hearty God-speed. Yet manly worth is the rock on which our safety rests. Against its base the angry waves of discontent spend their power; against its rough and craggy peaks, the storms of passion beat in vain.

We protest in vain against municipal imperialism. We criticise, to no useful purpose, economic laws. These are the legitimate results of our partial and one-sided training, and the resulting one-sided idea of life. If you would change the direction of the resultant, you must change the direction of the forces. No deductions of logic, no mathematical demonstration, no eloquent persuasion, can change one iota except thereby.

The sources of human action must be purified. Every fountain in the individual mind that adds a limped rill to the stream of action must be oppressed; the eagerness

for early specification must be checked. Those who have two eyes must be allowed to use them; those who have but one, given due praise for its judicious use.

Manhood and true worth must be measured by other standards than dollars and cents. We must drink deep from the fountains of wisdom and we shall be sobered by mightier forces than state militia and federal troops. Our battle scarred heroes will have won their laurels in fairer fields than fields of blood; the ruler of state and nation will court intelligence rather than ignorance to his support, and rise to eminence as an exponent of lofty principles rather than party prejudices.

With all our powers equally developed, the world will assume its true dignity. The limits of trade and profession will be no insurmountable barrier to economic and social demands. Our losses in production will be more than compensated by a more equitable distribution. What we lose of the jingling treasure of the purse, we shall gain in our dominion over a jewel-studded universe. Catching our inspiration from its divine teachings we shall be lifted above all that is base, foolish, and fallacious, and live a higher, broader and a wiser life.





## Senior Class

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### Class Officers

Edith Martin, President  
Grace Brown, Vice-President.  
Mattie Black, Secretary.  
Martha Roel, Treasurer.

Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

Class Teachers: Prof. Morgan, M. C. Hutchinson, Dr. Harris

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the peace of their self-content;  
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where the highways never ran;  
But let me live by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.—Foss.



EDITH MARTIN—Seattle, Wash.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once and now I know it."

Treble Clef '11 and '12.  
Basket Ball Team '12.  
Kooltuo Staff '12.  
Minuet '13.  
Senior Class President '13.  
Basket Ball Manager '13.  
King County Club.  
Student Faculty '13.



FREDA THOMSEN—Auburn, Wash.

"There is no limit to her good nature."  
Eclectic Literary Society '11 and '13.

Y. W. C. A. '11.  
Senior Play '13.  
Kooltuo Staff '11.  
Class Editor '13.  
Student Faculty '13.



GOLDIE HOFFMAN—Tacoma, Wash.

"Silence is the most perfect herald of joy."

Y. W. C. A. '13.  
Secretary Crescent Literary Society '13  
Pres. Student Body '13.  
Vice-Pres. Montahoma Club.  
Senior Play '13.



THOMAS WILLIAMS—Chinook, Wash.

"If he was chosen as the best,  
What sort of creatures are the rest?"

Entered from O. A. C.  
Glee Club '13.  
Minuet '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Senior Play '13.



MINNIE NOBLE—North Yakima, Wash.

"A maiden to whom was given, so much  
of earth, so much of Heaven."

Pres. Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Sec. Student Body '13.  
Basket Ball '13.  
Yakima County Club.  
Treble Clef '13.



HELEN AMES—Ellensburg, Wash.

"In athletics or in school,  
She always abides by every rule,  
Began in the Kindergarten."

Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Basket Ball Manager '12.  
Basket Ball '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.  
Kooltuo Artist '12.  
Senior Play '13.



HAZEL BAILEY—Seattle, Wash.

"The right girl in the right place, at the  
right time."

Treble Clef '09, '10 and '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '10.  
Eclectic Literary Society '09 and '10.  
Senior Play '13.



BIRDIE ANDERSON—Sumner, Wash.

"Consciousness of duty done gives music at  
sunset."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13.  
Student Faculty '12.  
Montahoma Club.  
Camera Club.



CARRIE HAMMOND—Tacoma, Wash.

"If she has any faults, she has left us in doubt."

Senior Play '13.  
Junior Class President '12.  
Montahoma Club.

HENRIETTA LOBA—North Yakima, Wash.

"The noblest mind, the best contentment has."

Y. W. C. A. '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Secretary Yakima County Club.  
Senior Play '13.

CLARISSA SMITH—Grandview, Wash.

"Next to virtue, the fun in this world is what we can least spare."

Orchestra '12.  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Captain Basket Ball Team '13.

DORA PETERSON—Everett, Wash.

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor dear."

Senior Play '13.  
Treble Clef '12.



ELIZABETH SMITH—Grandview, Wash.

"Thou art wise, we know and tender,  
Aye, and good.

Orchestra '12,  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13.  
Senior Play '13.



GRACE BROWN—Auburn, Wash.

"Never was smile more sweet and the one  
who gives it sweeter."

Vice-Pres. Senior Class '13.  
Student Faculty '10 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Minuet '13.  
Kooltuo Staff '10.  
Sec. Eclectic Literary Society '10.  
King County Club.  
Normal Club House President '10.



VIOLET McMILLAN—Seattle, Wash.

"Would that there were more like her."  
Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.

Minuet '12.  
Senior Play '13.  
Tennis Mgr. Associate Student Body '13.



ELSA PEARSON—New Plymouth, Idaho.

"Certainly it is a glorious fever, that desire  
to know.

Pres. Crescent Literary Society '12.  
Senior Play '13.  
Dormitory House President '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '12.



**CORA MIDDLETON**—Sunnyside, Wash.

"Nothing at all but common sense  
Can ever withstand our woes."

Sec. Crescent Literary Society '12.  
Yakima County Club.  
Kooltuo Staff '12.  
Senior Play '12.

\*



**CAMILLA SCHEIBE**—North Yakima, Wash.

"She shows us how divine a thing a woman  
may become."

Eclectic Literary Society '10.  
Yakima County Club.  
Senior Play '13.



**MATTIE RAE BLACK**—Seattle, Wash.

"Character is higher than intellect."

Student Faculty '13.  
Senior Class Sec. '13.  
King County Club.  
Treble Clef '10 and '13.  
Junior Class Treas. '10.  
Eclectic Literary Society '10.



**ERNEST CARLSON**—Stanwood, Wash.

"The man who writes poetry and composes  
sweet songs."

Entered from the U. of W.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
President Student Body '13.  
Yell Master.  
Glee Club '13.  
Senior Play '13.



CLARA BERG—North Yakima, Wash.

"She always endeavors to really be,  
What she wishes to appear."

Student Faculty '12 and '13.  
Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Yakima County Club.

HELEN ROBERTS—Tacoma, Wash.

"Its the songs ye sing an' the smiles ye wear  
That's a-making the sunshine everywhere."

Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Minuet '12.  
Senior Play '13.  
Sec. Junior Class '12.  
Montahoma Club.  
Eclectic Literary Society.

FANNIE CHASE—Prosser, Wash.

"An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound  
of sadness."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13..  
Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Student Faculty '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.

JENNIE WILSON—Centralia, Wash.

"I'm not denying that the women are foolish;  
God made them to match the men."

Treble Clef '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Crescent Literary Society.



VERA CAMPBELL—Wapato, Wash.

"A merry heart that goes all day."

Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.  
Yakima County Club.  
Senior Play '13.



MYRTLE WHITEHOUSE—Roslyn, Wash.

"There is no room for sadness, when we  
see her cheery smile."

Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Basket Ball '10.  
Senior Play '13.



ELIZABETH FLETCHER—Tacoma, Wash.

"Life is too short for us to waste its mo-  
ments in deplored bad luck."

Entered from the U. of W.  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13.  
Pres. and Vice-Pres. Student Body '13.  
Minuet '13.  
Treble Clef '13.  
Sec. Crescent Literary Society.



MARION HOLLINSHEAD—Seattle, Wash.

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."

Eclectic Society '12.



MINNIE KRAUS—Seattle, Wash.

"It is better to say nothing than not to the purpose."

Base Ball '12.  
King County Club.  
Camera Club.  
President Student Body '13.  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '12.

WANDA HIBARGER—North Yakima, Wash.

"Her heart is like the moon; it often changes and always has a man in it."

Eclectic Society '10.  
Y. W. C. A. '10.  
Senior Play '13.  
President Student Body '10.

PHOEBE PRICKETT—Outlook, Wash.

"Here blend the ties that strengthen our hearts in hours of grief."

Secretary Student Body '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Senior Play '13.

BLANCHE MAKLEY—Port Townsend, Wash.

"She makes life seem beautiful and sweet,  
By actions ever gentle and discreet."

Senior Play '13.



HELEN NEWSTRUM—Ellensburg, Wash.

"Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?"

Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.

MABEL WHITE—Everett, Wash.

"Virtues of sweetest loveliness fall from her,  
noiseless as the snow."

Y. W. C. A. '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Treble Clef '12.  
Senior Play '13.

WINIFRED CHESNEY—Tacoma, Wash.

"She has a common sense in a way that is  
uncommon."

Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Treble Clef '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '13.

HELEN HUNT—North Yakima, Wash.

"There is nothing impossible to him who  
will try."

Basket Ball '12 and '13.  
Vice-Pres. Yakima County Club.  
Sec. Vice-Pres. Student Body '13.  
Eclectic Literary Society '12.



MABEL HAYTON—Puyallup, Wash.

"In virtues nothing earthly can surpass her."  
Entered from St. Cloud Normal, Minn.

Minuet '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Senior Play '13.



EDNA BULLOCK—Tacoma, Wash.

"Thought is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought."

Senior Play '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '10.



MARGARET JONES—Roslyn, Wash.

"It is well to think well; it is divine to act well."

Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Senior Play '13.



LILLIE CARRITHERS—Centralia, Wash.

"Heart on her lips, soul within her eyes."

Senior Play '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.



**CARLOTTA BENNETT—Seattle, Wash.**

"Her voice is low, gentle and sweet, an excellent thing in woman."

Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Kooltuo Staff '12.  
Minuet '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
King County Club.  
Eclectic Literary Society '12.

**GRACE BIGFORD—North Yakima, Wash.**

"Fame is what we take, character is what we give."

Eclectic Literary Society '06.  
Y. W. C. A. '06.  
Treble Clef '06 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Yakima County Club.

**VIRGINIA EASTERDAY—Tacoma, Wash.**

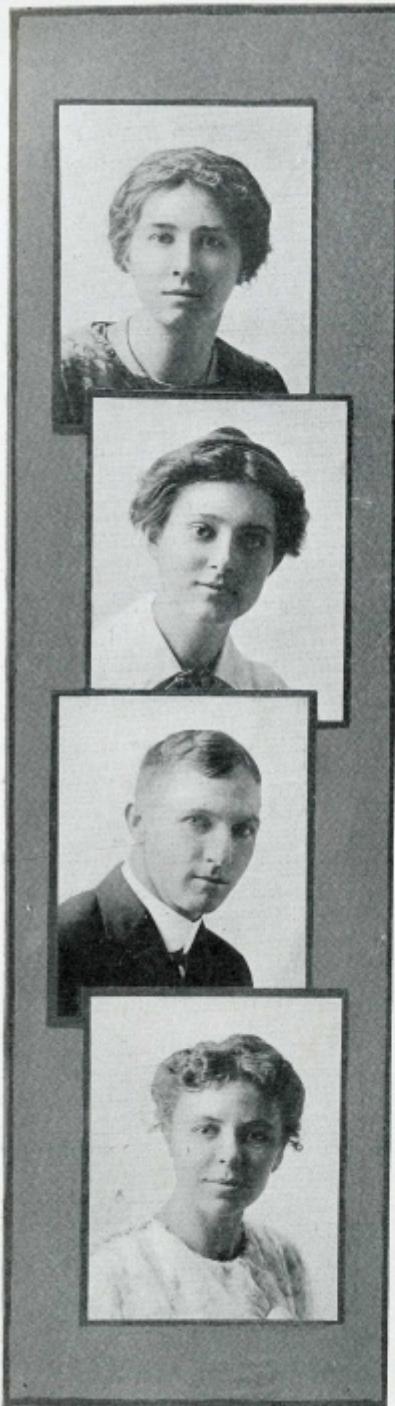
"Nature was here so lavish in her store,  
That she bestowed until she had no more."

Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Minuet '12 and '13.  
Treas. Junior Class '12.  
Eclectic Literary Society '12.  
Montahoma Club '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Dorm. House President '13.

**MARY RITCHIE—Palmer, Wash.**

"Take time for deliberation; haste spoils everything."

Kooltuo Staff '12.  
Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Treble Clef '11, '12 and '13.



CAROLYN KYES—Seattle, Wash.

"A light heart lives long."

Basket Ball '10.  
Eclectic Literary Society '10.  
President King County Club.  
Senior Play '13.

URBA THOMAS—Grandview, Wash.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.  
We have hard work to do and loads to lift."

Member of Student Faculty '12.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.

LEWIS WILLIAMS—Chinook, Wash.

"Wonderfully like Caesar.  
Entered from McMinnville College.  
Sec. Student Body '13.  
Pres. Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Member Literary Council '13.  
Glee Club '13.  
Senior Play '13.

BLANCHE CHAMPLIN—Camas, Wash.

"Let us, then, be what we are and speak  
what we think."

Y. W. C. A. '10 and '13.  
Kooltuu Staff '10.  
Crescent Literary Society '10 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.



FRANCES WIT—Toppenish, Wash.

"A laugh is worth a thousand groans in any market."

Treble Clef '11, '12 and '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '11, '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Sec. Student Body '11 and '12.  
First Vice-Pres. Student Body '13.  
Pres. Yakima County Club.



MAUDE SANBORN—North Yakima, Wash.

"Modesty is her greatest virtue.  
Treble Clef '12 and '13.

Y. W. C. A. '13.  
Minuet '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Yakima County Club.



ETHEL PRICE—Outlook, Wash.

"Kind, gentle and modest; who could wish for more?"

Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.



ELEANOR COE—Hood River, Ore.

"Solid love, whose virtue, can no more die than virtue itself."

Y. W. C. A. '10 and '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '12.  
Senior Play '13.



MARTHA ROEHL—Auburn, Wash.

"Ready to work, ready to play,  
Ready to help whoever she may."

Entered from Whitman College '13.  
Treble Clef '13.  
Student Faculty '13.  
Senior Class Treasurer '13.  
King County Club.  
Senior Play '13.

LUELLA GROSS—North Yakima, Wash.

"If any little word of mine can make a life  
the brighter—I'll say it."

Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.

MABELLE YOCUM—Ellensburg, Wash.

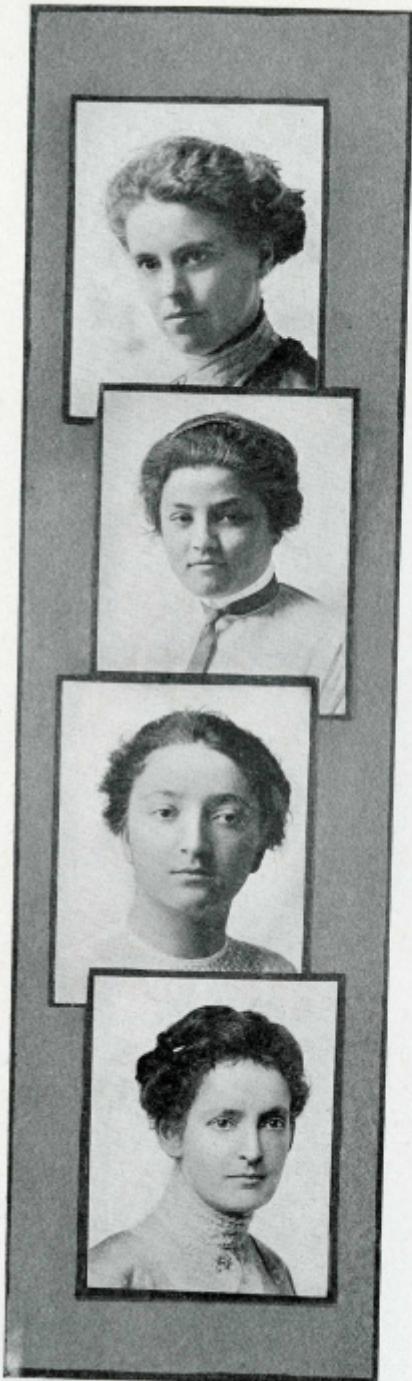
"So dear is she to all of us, we can do  
naught but love her."

Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Senior Play '13.

ELLA McAFFEE—Ellensburg, Wash.

"Joy and love and gladness dwell here for-  
evermore."

Senior Play '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '12.  
Treble Clef '12 and '13.



GLADYS PEAIRS—Wapato, Wash.

"Faithful to work, true to friends;  
It is thus we always find her."

President Student Body '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '13.  
Yakima County Club.  
Crescent Literary Society '13.  
Senior Play '13.

MAUDE BLAKE—Camas, Wash.

"Queen of the rosebud garden of girls."

Sec. and Treas. Crescent Literary Soci-  
ety '13.  
Basket Ball '13.  
Student Faculty '12.  
Senior Play '13.

MARY BEVILACQUA—Roslyn, Wash.

"She is a radiating focus of good will."

Crescent Literary Society '10 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.

HELEN SMITH—Port Townsend, Wash.

"A single sweetness in one sweet face."

Pianist.  
Special Student.



MARGARET DAVIDSON—Ellensburg, Wash.

"Beauty strikes the eye, but true worth wins the soul."

Minuet '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Eclectic Literary Society '13.



FLORENCE CORBETT—Huntsville, Wash.

"Youth and wisdom combined in one sweet soul."

Treble Clef '12 and '13.  
Senior Play '13.  
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet '13.  
Crescent Literary Society '12 and '13.



JEANETTE SLAUDT—Tacoma, Wash.

I care not what the world may say,  
Or if it mock and jeer."

President Montahoma Club.  
Y. W. C. A. '12.  
Captain Base Ball Team '12.  
Dorm. House President '13.  
Senior Play '13.



LEOTA CRAIN—Tacoma, Wash.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,  
"Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Eclectic Literary Society '14.  
Member of Literary Council '13.  
Y. W. C. A. '13.  
Montahoma Club.  
Senior Play '13.  
Kooltuo Staff '12.

**EDITH WILDEN**—Tacoma, Wash.

"She is living a life of love, and bright with  
gems is the crown."

Senior play '13.

**SILVA SMITH**—Zillah, Wash.

Teaching at Cle Elum.

**HENRY GIBSON**—Ellensburg, Wash.

Teaching school near Ellensburg.

**ALICE CRIMP**—Ellensburg, Wash.

Teaching in Ellensburg City School.

**MARGARET CRIM**—Ellensburg, Wash.

Senior.

**HELEN CARRICK**—North Yakima, Wash.

Senior.

## Mid-Year Graduates



EVA SCOTT—North Yakima, Wash.

"For a sunny disposition  
And a warm heart beating true,  
For a smile that's always ready  
Or a cheering word or two,  
'It's Eva.' "

MARGUERITE MOHLER—North Yakima, Wn.

"Things don't turn up in this world until  
somebody turns them up."

PRISCILLA LAFFERTY—Port Townsend, Wn.

"It is better to finish half of your job than  
to half finish the whole of it."

ADELINE MOLTKE—Kent, Wash.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

## Junior Class

"And yet when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive;  
Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone."



EDNA PEAIRS—"Dick"

"I never dare to draw as funny as I  
can."

CECILIA LEICK

"A rose with its sweetest leaves yet  
unfolded."

HAZEL WEEKS—"Bud"

"And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give  
place."

FRANCES BONNELL—"Bonnie"

"Silence and modesty are the best or-  
naments of woman."



**ELMA WILSON—"Willie"**

"I have a heart with room for every joy."

**KATHERINE MAXEY—"Katie"**

"And those about her, from her shall learn the perfect ways of honor."

**ELMER DIXON—"Dick"**

"Here's metal more attractive."

**BERNICE COTTON—"Mercy"**

"She is always the same, quiet and happy."



**FAITH BARTLETT — "Faithless"**

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men."

**ELLEN MANSON—"Sunny"**

"Your hair is of a good color, an excellent color; your chestnut was ever the only color."

**HARRIET HARRIS—"Hattie"**

"Her modest looks a cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

**ARAL CHAPMAN—"Chapple."**

"I've some ideas of my own."



**NETTIE MOE**—"Angel"

"A maiden after her own heart."

**AUDREY CHAPMAN**—"Jane"

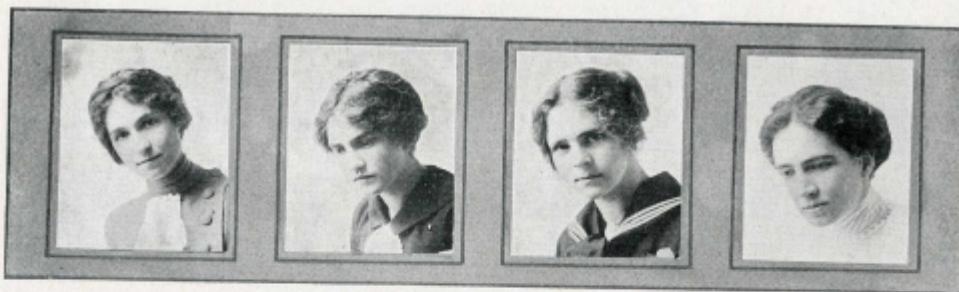
"The best of things are difficult to get."

**CHESTER TURNER**—"Chet"

"Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing."

**BERNICE COX**—"Bik"

"Drink to me only with thine eyes."



**ALICE ANDERSON**

"Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,  
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy."

**VERNA CAREY**

"We have been friends together,  
In sunshine and in shade."

**LOIS MARTIN**—"Louie"

"Of all the girls that are so sweet,  
There's none like pretty Lois."

**BLANCHE RODMAN**—"Roddy"

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in  
her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love."



**CELIA UPHAM**—"Cissy"

"And here or there, love follows her in  
whom all graces and sweet  
charities unite."

**ADDIE GARDENER**

"Her soul was like a star, and dwelt  
apart."

**EUDOCIA BAIR**—"Doch"

"I am well aware that I am the  
humblest person going—let the  
other person be where they may."

**FRED POYNS**—"Rube"

"Still the wonder grew, that one small  
head could carry all he knew."



**BERNICE HOSFELT**—"Ber"

"Her very frowns are fairer far,  
Than smiles of other maidens are."

**LILAS CROSS**—"Dotty Dimples"

"I shall stay young as long as I  
possibly can."

**HELEN BULLOCK**—"Hadie"

"It was a pleasure to talk with her."

**HAZEL WALLACE**—"Wannie"

"Nothing is so strong as gentleness,  
Nothing is so gentle as real strength."



**DORA TEWES**—"Dory"

"A beautiful, blushing bride for some lucky man."

**MARTHA BURBANK**

"I think boys are just horrid."

**GRETCHEN SCHAEFER**—"Chennie"

"A good face is a letter of recommendation as a good heart is a letter of credit."

**ANNA WITTENBERG**—"Brevis"

"Always doing, never done."



**DELPHIA DIXON**—"Della"

"A bonny lass, I will confess, is pleasant to the eye."

**BARBARA HOLLAND**—"Bab"

"Where no ill seems."

**ELSIE McCULLOUGH**—"Cullie"

"Patience and gentleness is power."

**ALICE REMICK**

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,  
And those who know thee know all words are faint."



**ETHEL McINNIS**—"Billie"

"Ah, fair in sooth was the maiden."

**FRANK BAKER**—"Bake"

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute."

**VEVA BENHAM**—"Butch"

"And when once the young heart of  
a maiden is stolen  
The maiden herself will steal after it  
soon."

**ALICE BENNETT**—"Allie"

"The girl that's worth while  
Is the girl that can smile  
When everything goes dead wrong."



**JURET BROWN**

"Mirth that lit but never burned;  
All thy blame to pity turned,  
Hatred thou hast never learned."

**NELLIE RENTSCHLER**—"Neil"

"Her air, her manners, all who saw  
admired,  
Courteous though coy, and gentle  
though retired."

**ELIZABETH DIXON**—"Lizzie"

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies."

**ELISE BOUCHER**

"'Twas kind o' kingdom-come to look  
on such a blessed creature."



**SELMA NELSON**—"Solomon"

"I am not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look."

**CLARA ROE**—"Click"

"Maid of Easton e'er we part  
Give, Oh give me back my heart."

**GENEVIEVE DOVE**—"Dovey"

"Music and merriment, these are her delights."

**HAZEL BOYINGTON**—"Hazie"

"Here's health to the lass with the merry gray eyes."



**CYNTHIA WARNER**

"Let us have peace."

**PEARLE HENRY**—"Pearly"

"Just the wee cot, the crickets chirr,  
Love, and the smiling face of her."

**MINNIE GORDON**

"Her faults would make dim shadows"

**YUMA PAULHAMUS**—"Poly"

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."



**CHARLES CHAMPIE**

"Lay thee down now and rest."

**HAZEL WAITE**

"My memory is the thing I  
forget with."

**IDA MARSHALL**

"I'll paddle my own canoe."

**HILDA BRUNN—"Bunnie"**

"To see her is to love her  
And love her but forever."



**BESSIE YOUNGS—"Bess"**

"What thou wilt thou shalt  
rather enforce with thy smile  
than hew to it with thy sword."

**LEAS CORNELL—"Lizz"**

"Oh ye who teach the ingenuous youth  
of nations,  
I pray ye flog them on all occasions,  
It mends their morals, never mind the  
pain."

**MILDRED CHAPMAN—"Millie"**

"Oh! Goody! I'm going home."

**ESTHER JOHNSON—"Jonnie"**

"Her heart is as far from fraud  
as heaven from earth."



**MAMIE KIDD**—"Kiddo"

"And whispering, 'I will ne'er consent,  
consented."

**FRANCES JENKINS**—"Jenks"

"The mildest manners and the  
gentlest heart."

**RUTH ECKERT**—"ECK"

"She is pretty to walk with  
And witty to talk with  
And pleasant too, to think on."

**BLANCHE ABERCROMBIE**—"Crumby"

"Liberty and union, now and forever, one and indispensable."

**LEOLA DAMON**

"Two heads are better than one."

**WILL TIERNEY**—"Bill"

"Hall fellow, well met."

**LORETTA HINCKLEY**—"Retta"

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine."

**VERVIAN WAITE**—"Bird"

"Yet Gods, annihilate but time and space and make two lovers happy."

**LILY SWANSON**—"Swannie"

"Be good, sweet maid and let who will be clever."

**ANNA BELL**—"Annabelle"

"The beam in her eye sheds brightness, beauty and joy upon life in all its phases."

**MARION CAMP**—"Mike"

"Her stature is inversely proportional to her diligence."

**MARY HUNTLEY**—"Mike"

"Pride in her heart, defiance in her eye."

**IRENE EACHUS**—"Eakie"

"And mistress of herself though China fall."

**JENNIE HEUSTIS**

"True merit is like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes."

**ANNIE LUCAS**

"I do not like this fooling."

**MAUDE POTTER**

"I find no pleasure in vanity."

**PAULINE ROLLINGER**

"But a majestic memory."

**W. B. HAWTHORNE**—"W. B."

"But fate ordains that dearest friends must part."

**ELSIE MATTERSON**—"Happy Jack"

"How little does a smile cost."

**DORA BURCH**—"Doad"

"Grave authors say, and witty poets sing  
That wedlock is a glorious thing."

## Sophomore Class

**IVOR STRUPPLER**

"His heart kept goin' pity pat, but Minnie's went pity Ivor."

**PEARL ARSCOTT**

"Each one his own trade; then would the cows be well cared for."

**ELAINE FELCH**

"Warriors she fires with animated sounds,  
Pours balm into bleeding lovers' wounds."

**GLADYS MCFARLANE**

"How her fingers went when they moved by note  
Through measures fine, as she marched them o'er  
The yielding plank of the ivory floor."

**EMMA P. BUEGE**

"Look around the habitable world, how few know their own good, or knowing it, pursue."

**LAURA E. SHELTON**

"Principle is ever my motto, no expediency."

**LYDIA BRONSON**

"Her long loose locks doth lyke a golden mantle her attyre."

**LOUISE F. WATERS**

"Ah, how good it feels! the hand of an old friend."

**GRACE TROFFER**

"He is not always at ease who laughs."

**JEANETTE ROBINSON**

"I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about  
with them."

**ELLA BERG**

"Three things are men most likely to be cheated in—a horse, a wig and a wife."

**CLEOPA CHAMPIE**

"My hopes are not always realized but I always hope."

**CELIA HILLIARD**

"While I keep my senses I shall prefer nothing to a good friend."

**BESSIE WEYTHMAN**

"The soft drops of rain pierce the hard marble,  
Many strokes overthrow the tallest oak."

**CLAUDE WATKINS**

"He that can't live upon love needs to die in a ditch."

**ANITA TALBERT**

"Dark eyes—eternal soul of pride!  
Deep life in all that's true!"

**ELSIE SMITH**

"I ever think that, sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony, but originally I am incapable  
of a tune."

**BERNICE DOUST**

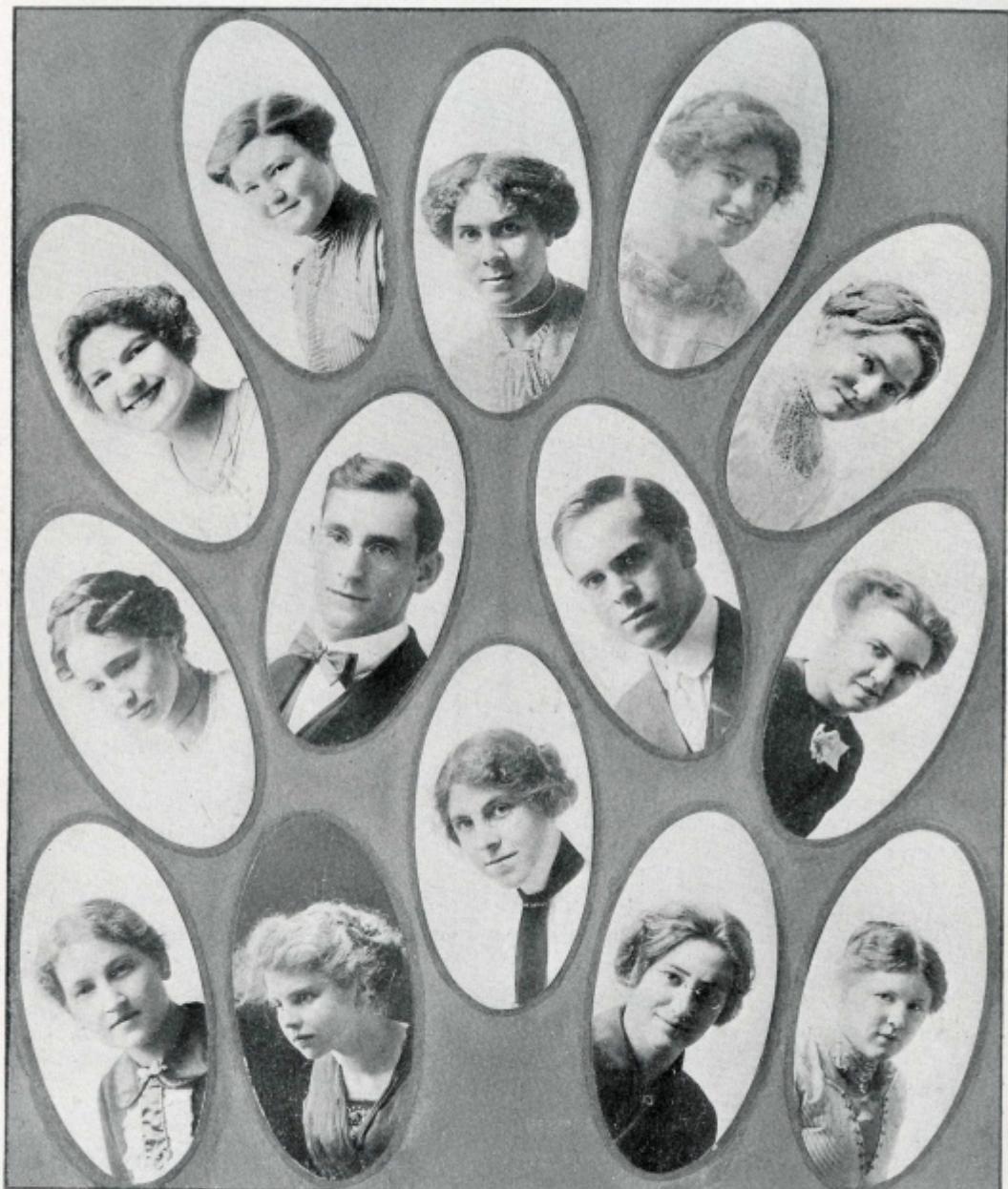
"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business."

**BERTHA WILLS**

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."

**GEORGE CHAMPIE**

"I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man."



# Freshmen Class

## CLASS TEACHERS

Miss Wilson  
Mr. Mehner

MOTTO: "To the stars through difficulties."

### YELL:

"Ricker, Chick, Ricker Chick,  
Ricker, Chick, Rah!  
1916  
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

When you're foolin' in the library'  
An havin' lots o' fun  
A laughin' an' a-gibberin'  
As if your time had come,  
You'd better watch your courses,  
An' keep kinder lookin' out,  
'Er the librarian 'll get you  
Ef you don't watch out.

## Freshmen Class Prophecy

### **MARGUERITE BUCHANAN**

A celebrated suffragette, who has aspirations of being the first lady president in the United States.

### **LILLIAN TAYLOR**

Leader of a suffragette pilgrimage from Ellensburg to Washington, D. C., and a man hater(?)

### **MARIE INGALLS**

Head of the Latin department at Yale.

### **ROSALIA UEBELACKER**

First lady governor of Washington.

### **INEZ DOERING**

A celebrated pianist, touring in Europe.

### **LYDIA BRONSON**

A school teacher and inventor of a spanking machine.

### **CECIL COON**

A prim, sedate school ma'am.

### **GLADYS WHIDDEN**

A living example of "Laugh and grow fat."

### **NELLIE LONG**

A newspaper reporter.

### **AMANDA SLAYTON**

A writer of love stories, and signing herself, A. M. Slayton.

### **EDITH McMURRY**

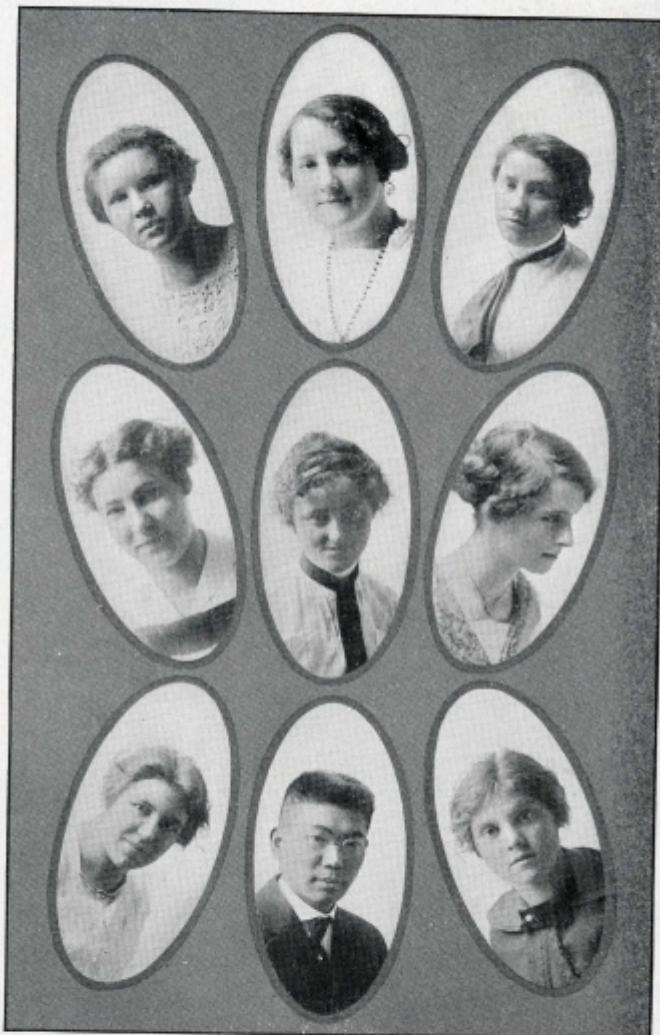
Aspiring to be an actress.

### **HENSON UCHIKATA**

The first president of the Japanese Republic.

### **MAY MAXWELL**

By choice a grouch, but by necessity an "Old Maid."





## Training School

The Normal Training School, which was erected in 1908, is a three-story brick structure situated on the northwest corner of the Normal campus. Great care is being taken of this portion of the campus. Trees are being planted and the lawn grass is now approaching the limit of harmony and beauty.

The building proper is divided into four separate departments. On the upper floor there are at present five grades, from the fifth to the tenth, the tenth grade being very recently transferred to the Normal prop'r. This floor is supervised by Mr.

Dallas, principal of the training school, Miss Grupe, who is the grammar grade supervisor, and Miss Frances Smith, who as assistant deserves much credit for the good work she is doing.

On the second floor are the first four grades. This floor is supervised by Miss Ruth Hoffman, who is known the state over for her capability and good judgment. She is assisted by the model teachers, Miss Edith Ringer and Miss Sabelwitz. Visitors to this floor are surprised by the quality of work done by the children under their capable supervision, hand work, clay modeling, weaving, water color work and the quarter's coping-saw work are very interesting.

On the first floor are the kindergarten and Normal Training shop. The Kindergarten is directed by Miss Clara Meisner and is said by many to be one of the best courses of its kind offered in the state. In fact it is the only Normal Kindergarten Training School of the state.

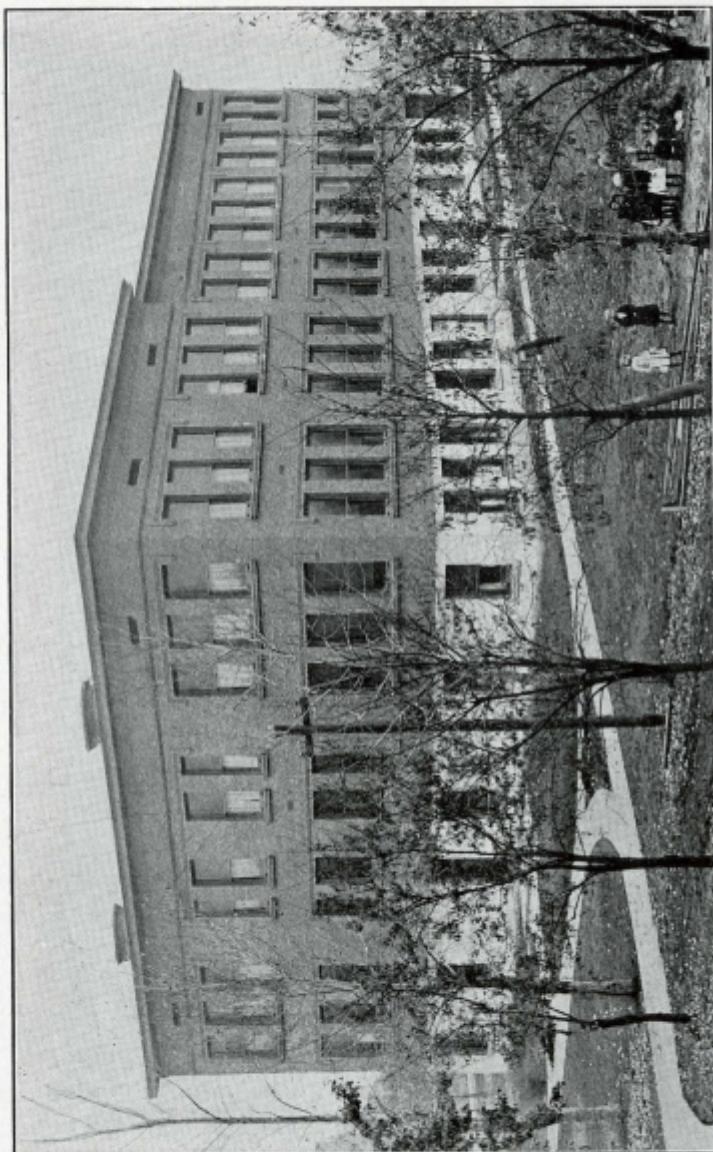
The work in this department has been exceptionally good this year, owing to the fact that people are awakening to the necessity of Kindergarten training. The hand work done has been very good. Plays and games have also been developed to a greater extent than ever before.

The Mothers' Club organized in connection with this department and which holds some of its meetings in the kindergarten rooms, has been doing an immense amount of good in the matter of aid to the good of the kindergarten. One of the things done by this club was to raise money and purchase good, interesting and helpful books for mothers. These books were donated to the public library, where they will be of use to the greatest number of mothers.

Last, but by no means least, we come to the department which is considered by many to be the best department in the Normal course. This is the Manual Training department, where the boys and girls of the Training school as well as the Normal students are taught the correct method of meeting real problems in life, also the relation of other subjects to manual training. No other course in any school shows the student to the same degree the real reason and necessity for studying all branches of mathematics, art and so on. The shop is well equipped with lathes, band saw, circular saw and sixteen full sets of bench tools, mechanical drawing instruments, etc. Prof. J. H. Whitney is head of this department and is considered one of the best manual training instructors in the state.

The grades are divided into classes which are taught by the Juniors and Seniors of the Normal. Under the careful supervision afforded in the Training school the work of the student teachers is very pleasant and profitable and the pupils have the benefit of lessons more carefully prepared by the teachers than they perhaps would be, were the teachers themselves not students.

The training school is indeed a busy workshop and although every Junior teacher is slightly nervous when beginning his (or her) teaching, and notwithstanding the fact that the Junior teachers are a serious, solemn-eyed class for the first week after the assignments have been made, they soon grow to like the work very much and leave the Normal with happier anticipations for their future work on account of the opportunities offered by the Normal Training School.



TRAINING SCHOOL, W. S. N. S.



## Tenth Grade

### CLASS OFFICERS

President—Fawn Cameron  
Secretary-Treasurer—Estey Bratcher

### CLASS COLORS

Silver and Alice Blue.

### CLASS MOTTO

"Find a Way or Make One."

### CLASS FLOWER

Chrysanthemum.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar,  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night."



## Alumni

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind;  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And the friends of auld lang syne  
For auld lang syne we read tonight  
For auld lang syne  
To read the things our schoolmates do  
Your auld schoolmates and mine."

Many of our alumni have gone on to schools of higher education and are now prepared for more advanced work and we are glad to remember them this year in our annual:

Miss Mary Williams of the '07 Class graduates this year from the Home Economics course at Pullman; Stanley Wilson of '08 is again at the U. of W. in Seattle; Edith Still of '11, is a student in the University of Oregon at Eugene.

Newton Henton of '09 has been admitted to the bar and is now practicing law in Ellensburg.

Frank Karrer of '08 is superintendent of schools in Nome, Alaska; Frank T. Wilson of '08 is teaching in Dumanjug, Phillipine Islands; Lucile Wilson of '09 is teaching in the high school at Nome. N. L. Gardiner of the class of 1892, is the head of the Botany department of the University of California. Alberta McDonald of 1899 is teaching English in the Tacoma high school and Nettie Galbraith of 1896 is principal of St. Paul's School for Girls in Walla Walla.

We find Rose Clerf, Hope Coy and Eva Jones of the '10 class teaching at Toppenish; Bernice Dahl of the same class, teaching in Seattle and Byrl Mathews in the Ellensburg city schools. Helen Bryant, Bertha Eidson and Adela Hauley, Grace Parrish and LeRoy Rogers of the '10 class and Louis Trempe of the '11 class are teaching in Tacoma. George Gwin of the '10 class, who is principal in Colfax, Wash., writes in part,

"In looking over the lists of names of the members of the W. S. N. S., I was pleased to see so many of my old friends there; the tendency to forget in the rustle of the world is checked and school days and friends are brought near again.

"Opportunities for pleasure and profit have not been lacking here. Besides my one hundred and forty-five boys and girls to keep me a little busy, I have a chance to indulge in gym, manual training and orchestra work and then I must mention a glance at the motive powers in politics, which were given me.

"There is something about the bigness of this Palouse country that appeals to one, but even here people have little trials, school teachers not excepted. But then with myself I always blame 'number one' when possible, and when talking to others find it is an excellent plan to always—

### TELL THE BEST.

It is not much use to grumble,  
To grouch, whine or complain;  
People don't care for your troubles  
The world goes on just the same.

Your work may be hard or faulty,  
Your friends may not seem true,  
You might make a hard luck story  
Of everything you do.

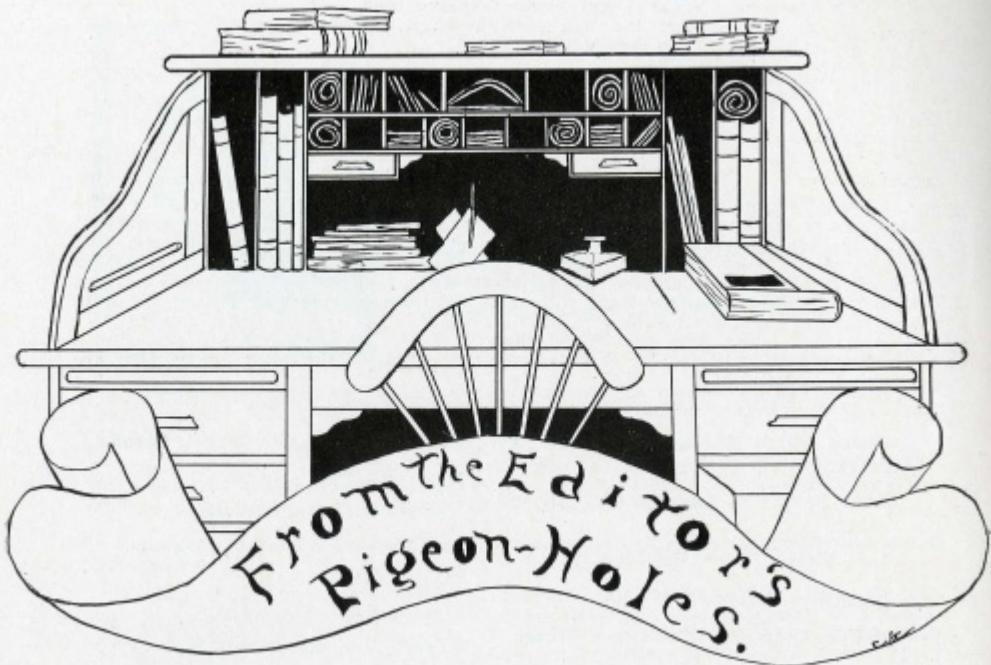
Give words of hope and pleasure,  
They'll make your neighbor glad,  
You, too, will catch the spirit,  
You cannot then be sad.

Then let us hear your cheerful thoughts  
The best things that you know  
That will make the world seem brighter,  
Everywhere you go.

Lee McManus of the '11 class after receiving the circulating letter, which the members of his class are writing, sent us the following clipping: "All the class of 1911 are teaching but four, counting our mascot, Leslie Raymond Klemme, who is still at the home of his parents in Ellensburg. Two of the class are attending schools of higher learning; one has fallen from the teaching profession and is clerk in the Ellensburg National Bank. Two of the class are teaching out of the state and three of them are teaching in high schools."

The members of the '12 Class answer roll call from the points where they are teaching, as follows:

Emma Allard, Tacoma, Wash. '12 and '13.	Eva Jones, Franklin School, Tacoma.
Ruth Bartholet, Adna, Wash., '12 and '13.	Eda Lizee, Port Angeles.
Lela Bloom, Union, Ore.	Eva Munson, Zillah, Wash.
Susie Core, Tracyton, Wash.	Ida Murphy, Whitefish, Montana.
DeFore Cramblitt, Montesano, Wash.	Clarice Palmer, Roslyn.
Louis Crozier, Ellensburg, Wash.	Isabelle Pratt, Tacoma.
Cora Forbes, Puyallup, Wash.	Annette Rehmke, Duvall, Wash.
Lillie Garvey, Toppenish, Wash.	Mary Reid, Flett School, Tacoma.
Myrtle Gleason, Central Point, Ore.	Chester Robinson, Enumclaw.
Marguerite Hawes, Lake View, Wash.	Mary Rust, Boise, Idaho.
Edythe Henry, Tacoma, Wash.	Josie Marshall, Eltopia, Wash.
Mary Heraty, South Cle Elum, Wash.	Otto Selle, Ellensburg.
Athel Hill, Central School, Tacoma.	Lillian Smith, Ellensburg.
Anna Hinckley, Hillhurst, Wash.	Eunice Stakemiller, Port Angeles, Wash.
Joe Hodges, Longfellow School, Spokane.	Harriet Stewart, Sunnyside, Wash.
	Stella Wagness, Chelan, Wash.
	Glow Williams, Tracyton, Wash.
	Iris Wirth, Chehalis, Wash.



### Our Library

Taken from the standpoint of the dealer in books the W. S. N. S. library would be considered a fine collection of books, of great pecuniary value; taken from the standpoint of the casual observer, the library is a well ordered, pleasant place for study, but taken from the standpoint of the student it is a place for communion with a great number of intimate friends, who from their wealth of experience are able to help whosoever will come to them, to live broader and richer lives.

We, as students of the W. S. N. S. are privileged characters in the three large sunny rooms of the Normal library, and are glad to say that many of the most pleasant hours of our school life have been spent there.

That this feeling has been manifested through years past is shown by the gifts which have been presented to the library by the outgoing classes. Upon entering the first room the attention is caught by the Flying Mercury, presented by the class of 1907, the Diana given to the library by the class of 1901 and the two beautiful pictures, The Flight of Mercury and Sargeant's Prophets. The pedestal upon which the Mercury formerly stood is occupied by the large Boston fern in the third library room. It was the class of 1903 which presented the bronze bust of McKinley and another class the beautiful Aurora hanging above it.

These are gifts from the friends who have gone from the school to the friends who come from year to year, and the library is made dearer to us and richer in its memories by their presence. By next year we hope to see the Lincoln Memorial Tablet, presented by the class of 1912, also in the library. It is to have a prominent place in the second library room.

During the past school year the library has been used more extensively than in any other year. It is a fitting haunt for genius, and a more pleasant place to study could hardly be imagined.

While we do indeed appreciate the opportunities for reading and research work, which we have at our hand now, and understand what it means to us, we will never value it truly until we are away from it and feel the lack of it, as we are most of us sure to do sooner or later.

Here we are able to become familiar with the great minds of the past and the present and broaden our education by study of their works. And not only this, but we are able to keep up with the march of events, as the library receives the publications of all the best current magazines.

We are glad, not only that we have had the privilege of associating with such a great number of distinguished friends, but that the classes which shall come after us will have the same privileges which have been accorded to us.

By the time this book comes into your hands another staff will have passed into the realms of has-beens. The happy faces and great hopes of the staff will have been deepened into richer, wiser experiences.

The publication of a creditable Normal school paper has been a matter of earnest consideration by the Junior classes since they began the publication of a Year Book in 1906. With every year the support of the students has made it possible to continue the year book aimed to give the students not only a happy reminder of the days spent in the Normal but also a memorial of the buildings and the friends made there.

As the school grows so should the school paper. Here you may find a few suggestions as to how that growth may be accomplished.

It has always been the pleasure of the students of the Junior class to have the honor of publishing the annual, but, each year, the majority of the Juniors who come into the Normal are from other schools, and very few if any, have had any experience in publishing a school paper. Besides the Kooltu is the school paper and in order to grow and be an honor to the school, it must advance as the school progresses, thus needing the combined efforts and support of every student in the school. Nine tenths of the people do not know who publishes the book.

To be sure we must have a leader, a strong capable manager; he or she might be chosen from the under classmen to work with the business manager and the editor for one year, thus gaining some working knowledge of the book, and then succeed them in the managing of the book, again choosing associates from under classmen sure to be in school the next year.

It is too much for the Junior class alone to work up a book that they and the school may be proud of, and at the same time to do justice to the required work of the course, which needs all the time, as physical culture teaches, that any student should give to study. Again the Junior class has always given a class play for the benefit of the book and this also takes up much time.

Yes, the Junior classes of the past six years have put out a good book despite the rush for time, but who can say but that they might have had an even better book had

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the student body published it the same year. That the work would have been more evenly distributed none can doubt.

The Juniors, as I have said, are largely strangers to the school—choose for next year's business manager someone who has had some experience with the book before and draw your assistants from the Sophomores and Freshmen, even from the Seniors as well as from the Juniors, and from year to year you will have capable people coming on to publish your annual.

Have the whole staff elected early; have someone chosen the year before if possible, whose business it will be to write up and hand in all the social happenings from the very first of the year; then and then only will they be written up in a way to really do justice to the many affairs that are given every year for the new students. Have your advertising manager elected so that he can arrange to get some out of town ads, with your help, from your home town during Christmas vacation. Take for instance Pierce and Yakima counties, with thirty or forty students from each of them; we have not an ad from either of them, simply because they had over run their ad money by the time we asked them.

Why not let the Student Association publish the book? The Student Association has funds that might well be used for this purpose. Get to work and revise the constitution, give the Student Association something to do.

Why not boost the school with a good, intelligent, growing book?

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The members of the Junior class feel that a special word of thanks is due to those of the Treble Clef and Glee Club who are members of other classes, for their work in the operetta "The Captain of Plymouth." Many students in the different classes have elected Treble Clef or Glee Club as a part of their regular course. While preparing to present the operetta it was necessary to spend many hours outside of the regular class periods in rehearsing. At the rehearsals Seniors, Sophomores and Freshmen have been present and the Juniors wish them to feel that their assistance in making the operetta a success is fully appreciated. But they alone could not have made the operetta a success; the untiring efforts of Miss Ensle who had charge of all the music, Miss Hutchinson as she directed and smoothed down the rough places and of Miss Margaret Davidson in her work on the dances, cannot be recalled without at the same time expressing to them our deepest gratitude for their most efficient work.

—M. B. R.

## A Brain Storm

"In the spring a young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."  
This quotation we remember every year.  
"In the spring a livelier iris  
Comes upon the burnished dove,"  
'Tis a signal of the season that is clear.  
Of the poet who has rhymed this  
We should like to ask the reason  
Why his fancy wouldn't turn as well  
At any other season.

What about a winter evening  
When night steals o'er the lea  
And the cheeriest place in all the house  
By the fire seems to be,  
And he draws his chair up closer  
Where the red flames leap and dart  
And you think his eyes are fastened  
On the fire's glowing heart.  
But he sees a pretty maiden  
With laughing eyes of gray  
And his mind and heart are with her  
Though she's many miles away.  
We would think this young man's fancy  
Were a most unusual thing  
If it didn't turn as quickly now  
As any day in spring.

Or perhaps 'tis a summer evening,  
And afar in the western skies  
The beautiful tints of rose and gold  
Have faded, alas, and died.  
But the stars have peeped out slowly  
And the soft fair moon, hangs low.  
And the swift canoe on the water's blue  
Is the loveliest place to go.  
Out over the glittering moonbeams' path  
The paddles dip and swing  
And life is joy and joy is love  
And sorrows take to their wings.  
It may be the fault of the maid demure,  
But his fancy has turned again, I'm sure.

The golden gleam that tints the world  
To even the smallest leaf;  
The scarlet vines, and the azure sky,  
And the golden garnered sheaf,  
Seem a fitting end to the summer's song,  
Where autumn's chariot swept along  
And scattered with ever lavish hand  
Her wealth of harvest over the land.  
It is perfectly right he should go for a stroll  
To the chestnut grove that tops the knoll;  
But can you tell me how he knew the moment  
When she would be there too?  
Yes, his fancy may be a fickle thing,  
But it turned just as well as it did last spring."

—B.X.A.



## She Goeth Forth to Teach

By Clarissa Smith

It was the first day of September and they were standing on the platform of the depot at Ellensburg, saying farewell. Normal days were behind them; a life certificate ahead.

"Oh Peggy! I am fired with enthusiasm. Hardly can I wait for the days to pass before I can begin my life WORK. I am so thankful that I can be the humble means of helping those dear children of the desert." So spake fluffy-haired, brown-eyed Rosalie.

"All I hope is that you learn enough to come down off your high ideals before the directors of your field of labors fire you."

"Peggy! I hope you get married before you get a chance to teach. I do. You would hang a dead weight against those of the profession who are trying to elevate and truly educate the coming men and women."

"Now don't go off on another ethereal flight, here comes the train and you must be on prosaic earth to take the same prosaic train to a prosaic town in the sage brush. By the way, have you got your prosaic ticket?"

Rosalie shot a reproachful glance at Peggy who glared back for a second, then seized Rosalie and kissed her affectionately just as the train pulled in. "You're a little goose," she said, "but I love you just the same. Goodbye."

Rosalie was on her way to her life work. She had stopped over a day to visit Peggy, who had been her room-mate at Normal, and was now speeding again on her way.

"Peggy is a dear, but she is no reformer," thought Rosalie as she took the latest N.E.A. report from her handbag and opened a box of candy. "To think, that after two years of normal training, she insists on using a text book to teach history." Then with the N. E. A. report propped in front of her, she gazed absently at the flying landscape and—dreamed.

The next Monday morning found Rosalie at her desk in the one room of a tiny rural school house. She had placed clean scrim curtains at the windows and on the sill were three young geranium sprouts, beginning life for themselves in pots. Rosalie was about to teach "interest" to four eighth graders. The other twelve pupils, representing the other seven grades were listening intently but more or less noisily.

Rosalie had made a lesson plan.

"The emphasis should be placed upon the class of problems that are more likely to arise in business," she had read from her note book of Methods in Arithmetic. Very well. That is just what she would do, and by much questioning of her landlady she had a few statistics with which to begin.

So today, she led up to her problem, "If John gives Helen his book to use during the recitation and Helen gives it back to John at the end of the recitation, what do we say John does?"

The answer being satisfactorily given in a booming chorus, Rosalie proceeded.

"Would Helen pay John for the use of the book?"

"NO!" vociferously from the class.

Encouraged, Rosalie now came to the point. "But suppose John's father lends Helen's father a thousand dollars. Will Helen's father pay John's father for the use of the money?"

"NO!" from John.

"How many agree with John?" asked Rosalie, thinking of Miss Grupe as she had said, "Do not let one child answer for all. Make each child responsible." All hands were raised but Helen's.

"Why, Max?" still persisted Rosalie, again mentally quoting from Miss Grupe, "Make the child give a reason for his answer."

"Cause, Helen's old man wouldn't pay a durned cent," was Max's reply.

Up sprung Helen and planted a grimy little fist on the end of Max's rather prominent nose, and then hurled herself on the floor, where she wailed with heartbroken fervor.

Rosalie acted with general-like promptitude, though she hadn't time to consult a note book. Max was sent from the room, the class to their seats, Helen was raised from her prone position, and with great strength of persuasion Rosalie stopped her wild sobbing.

Going home that night, Rosalie pondered. Where, oh where, had she made her mistake, for she considered her lesson a failure. Upon reaching her room she pulled out all of her note books and went through the one on methods of arithmetic. All she had done was orthodox and sanctioned by that note book. She read the other note books, one after the other and could not find wherein she had fallen from the Normal standard.

At last she raised a flushed and triumphant face, her eyes burned with firm resolve. In her education book she had found her error. "Make it a point to know the homes and parents of the pupils." Rosalie rose and pushed back her hair which had fallen over her eyes. She would know the parents of the children and then, then she could teach arithmetic.

At that moment, the voice of her landlady floated up the winding stairway.

"Miss Vincent, you are wanted at the 'phone."

Rosalie went to the 'phone, and directly she knew one of Helen's parents. The dove of peace hopped off the wire with singed claws as Helen's papa gave Rosalie, in condensed but intensified form his opinion of Rosalie, of schools, of college girls, of Max, of Max's family tree, of school boards' intelligence with occasionally a word which Rosalie had heard of, but had never heard directly. Rosalie held the receiver to her ear, dazedly, wishing for her oral expression note book, that she might classify pitches, intervals, emphasis and so forth; for, trained in oral expression as she was, she knew this oration to be true art, expression from within outward.

When Helen's papa paused for a reply and got none, he yelled a monstrous 'Hey?' into the telephone. Rosalie absently answered "Yes, Mr. Comstock, I'll think about it," hung up the receiver and once more wearily looked through her note books. She was at last forced to the realization that she could not teach arithmetic by the practical method.

However, her faith was unshaken. For, though she gave problems about ships to the pupils in that little school in the Palouse, which was most unorthodox, she turned her attention assiduously to nature study, music and art.

These at least could and must be taught a la note book.

The music was discouraging. After three weeks of patient work the children could not locate "do" in the scale of C and didn't know brother "sol" from grandfather "la." Rosalie philosophically decided it didn't matter where they put "do" if they could only manage to sing "America" before the last day of school exercises. The art was little better, but in nature study Rosalie's enthusiasm knew no bounds. She searched the surrounding country for material and gave it up as far as "flora" was concerned but decided to interest the pupils in the surrounding protozoa.

In her note book she read, "Interest the children in collection," and she remembered how one of the Normal girls had had her eighth grade collect current events and what a success it had been. So she did her best to interest the children in collecting the "Natural Phenomena" of the region. The children were interested; many were the things they brought; horned toads that spat at Rosalie and made her jump, much to the amusement of the collecting urchins; sage ticks, which she was told "dug into your hide and stuck like the dickens;" house flies—Ah! Here was an inspiration! Here at last was an opportunity! Start a raid against the house fly and she would be a life saver. Here was use for a notebook, her sanitation note book.

In the midst of her nature study work, two irate mothers called on the school board. "No young 'un of ourn is goin' to go to school to a fool girl that threw a fit at the sight of a fly," they said.

There was a board meeting, that evening, at which Rosalie was the guest of honor, and nature study was dropped from the curriculum. The only director who gave any sympathy whatsoever was young Stephen Stephenson, who, being a

bachelor, perhaps was biased in his judgment by the fluffy hair and brown eyes of Rosalie. His note of consolation was given as he escorted Rosalie home from the board meeting.

"Oh well, I don't think you'll get your walking papers. It is hard to get a new teacher at this time of the year." To which Rosalie murmured, "Thanks."

School days passed on. Rosalie had eliminated note books on Arithmetic, Nature Study, Music and Art. Once, in vengeful and homesick mood, she determined to send them to Peggy, but she didn't. She tried to rule the school by love and tried to teach courtesy. The patrons of the school smiled or swore at her vagaries and her note books, which "wasn't as they had learned," but always they said, "I 'spose its what she learned at Normal."

The climax came, as climaxes have a habit of doing. Rosalie had heard Cora Mel Patten speak of the Drama league. She had kept notes; she had them in a note book. Enthusiasm again fired her soul. The drama would do for these people what she had failed to do.

So Rosalie sent for a suitable drama and began collecting a wardrobe. The drama came; parts were assigned and practice began. Contrary to the note book, the children DIDN'T forget themselves, not for a minute. They were as self-conscious and awkward as the faculty on Students' Day. They didn't interpret the lines. They faithfully committed them and recited them as they would the multiplication table or the Apostles' Creed. Rosalie studied her note book and followed its advice as best she could, with but poor success. The little actors were as graceful and spontaneous as wooden Indians. Rosalie began to feel a sullen determination. She WOULD put that play through, and she did.

She invited the patrons, who came and stared solemnly throughout the performance. Occasional comments were heard:

"That's Jakey Bethel with Old Lady Jenks' sunbonnet," or "That girl with the plaid shawl is Hazel Zimp." The main interest of the evening seemed to be the identifying of the olive branches and the raiment of the various families. "For all the world," thought Rosalie afterward, "as if they had been in a morgue."

The children slaughtered the drama. An airy fairy giggled as she touched (?) a beggar with her wand and the beggar extemporaneously and audibly responded, "Don't poke so hard, you durned little Swede." Rosalie afterward said that was the only true expressing of the whole drama.

When it was over, the patrons filed out. None said they had enjoyed the evening; none even spoke to Rosalie as she stood by the rude stage with defiance in her eye.

As the farmers drove their wagons up to the door and their families clambered in, Rosalie could hear their comments.

"She's a purty little girl alright," calmly, "but I 'spose this is what she learned at the normal."—pitifully

That last phrase! How many times had she heard it spoken? Rosalie turned to find Stephen Stephenson preparing to lock up the school house. Rosalie liked Stephen for he appreciated her theories, if not her works. "It was a mighty good show," he said. "I'd like to be where I could see something like that a little oftener. I'm glad we directors had sense enough at last to hire a normal girl. You're the first we've had, you know."

Then Rosalie flared out. She talked for five minutes at such a rapid rate of speed that Stephen first stared and then laughed aloud. In the discourse he learned that Rosalie's ideals hadn't changed and never would, but that the people of this district were heathens and always would be. Note books and drama leagues were fine, but these people couldn't appreciate them. Stephen was the only one with a glimmer of sense or conscience or humanity or anything else that people are popularly supposed to be fitted out with. And most emphatic of all, Rosalie wouldn't teach that school another day if she was to be hung for quitting.

When the sound of Rosalie's voice no longer was heard, Stephen remarked, "Then you're going to resign as teacher. Do I get you?"

And Rosalie blushed as she unwittingly spoke the first slang of her esthetic life: "You get me, Steve."

## A Bright Idea

The garden gate closed with a soft little click and Keturah ran quickly up the gravelled walk to the cool, green-latticed porch and deposited her suit case with a relieved thump. She looked ruefully at the dust on her linen skirt and small, neat shoes and after a moment's thought, slipped the suitcase under the heavy Virginia creeper that covered the entire back of the house, meanwhile peering cautiously around to see if anyone had seen her or if she could see anyone.

The coast seemed to be clear, but after vainly trying the door she stepped back on the porch with a perplexed look between her eyes. "How am I ever going to get in?" she asked herself, "I suppose Ann's afraid of burglars. It's a pity her only sister can't get into her house. If I go around to the front someone surely will see me."

She turned and looked toward the other end of the porch and a gleam of satisfaction shot into her eyes. A bench, yes, and a window! But what was that on the bench? She skipped across the porch and with a muttered "A-Ha" plunged her hand into a great bowl, bringing out a number of long, dainty green pods. How she loved green peas. Not creamed or any other way of preparing them for civilized folks but just as they came from the vines.

"She has enough for supper, anyway," Keturah said, as if silencing her conscience, "and I haven't seen any for nobody knows how long."

A dainty white curtain fluttered from the open window and she could hear the slow "tick-tock, tick-tock" of a great clock somewhere inside. There seemed to be an unwonted stillness about the house but the golden summer air was filled with the low deep hum of bees from the long rows of hives in the nearby orchard.

Keturah tossed the handful of pods far out into the grass and stood for a moment gazing dreamily across a great expanse of brown stubble, glimmering in the heat of the afternoon sun. A large white butterfly fluttered past on indolent wings and when it had disappeared she turned to the window again.

The window was high from the floor, but without a moment's hesitation she pulled the bench under it and using it as a step, climbed over the sill. "Well done" she said to herself and glanced over her shoulder just in time to see the bowl spill its contents generously over the porch. "Oh, there go Ann's peas," she said and added, "but she'll never miss them," and the white curtain fluttered behind her as she sat on the wide sill, beside a huge potted geranium, with her dusty shoes planted firmly on Ann's spotless kitchen table.

In this dignified position she drew a deep breath and regarded the kitchen approvingly.

"My, isn't she neat? Wonder if I could ever do it. But I've got to get down from here before—"

Her soliloquy was never finished for just at this juncture a door suddenly opened and she was confronted by her brother-in-law. "Ketty," he exclaimed, and then as she made a move to jump to the floor, "No, you don't. Not until you have explained things. Just look at that table and Ann said to keep it clean five minutes if I could, and it hasn't been three. Besides, behind your skirts repose a bowl of beaten eggs and a coffee percolator and I'm sure I couldn't stand to have them strewn around. Where did you come from and what under the canopy are you doing up there? We didn't expect you till morning with the other people."

Here he paused for breath and Keturah broke in with "Goodness, Rupert, how fast you do talk, it's perfectly marvelous. Expect me? Well, I rather guess you didn't. I didn't expect myself till this morning, and what OTHER guests are you expecting, pray tell, I think I'm quite sufficient. I just now got here and I'm sitting up here because a very unbrotherly person is keeping me here on an impromptu inquisition. Now, who else is coming?"

"Why, the house party," he said in a bewildered tone, "Didn't you get—" then he stopped short, dug into his inside pocket and brought forth a somewhat soiled en-

velope, which he handed to Keturah. "I guess yours didn't get mailed with the others I forgot it," he explained, "but its all right now, you're here."

"ALL RIGHT," she echoed, "I should say it WASN'T all right. Why, Rupert, the clothes I brought! Gingham dresses and a sunbonnet, at one of Mrs. Rupert Ashland's country-house parties! Wouldn't that sound delightful? Rupert, I'm going home."

"Quitter," he teased, and thought what a charming picture she made as she sat perched in the window. "Who ever heard of you retreating, before, and besides you can wear Ann's gowns."

"Ann's gowns!" she almost shrieked, "Why she is fat."

"Fat is she?" he said, grasping her arm; "No, No," she hastened to say, "I didn't mean fat. Let go of me, Rupert, and for the sake of all I've done for you let me down from here before I fall. I'm not a quitter. I'll stay here if I have to sleep with the cook or in the garret."

"Well, how did you happen to strike this time anyway?" he asked as he helped her to the floor, "It's a good thing the cook has her afternoon off. She is what Mrs. Grenfield would call 'untutahed,' and she might have been after you with the butcher knife."

"I was getting away from somebody—I mean something," she said, as she noted the twinkle in his eyes, "And as for Mrs. Grenfield's cooks, she certainly has an 'untutahed' one now. I was over there the other day and there was the queerest odor in the hall and small whiffs even came into the 'pahlah.' Mrs. Grenfield said she had a new cook and she supposed she was preparing something. I said, yes, I supposed she was, and she said she would go and see what it was.

I followed here at a safe distance and peeked in when she opened the door to Maggie's sanctuary. Rupert, guess, it was liver and garlic. Garlic mind you, not plain onions. Mrs. Grenfield put on her most imposing air and said 'Maggie, I cawnt stand such odahs. What are you doing?' Maggie glanced at her and put her hands, palms upward, on her hips and said haughtily, 'I guess I eats what pleases me Missis.' Then she turned and gave her supper several vigorous stirs with a huge spoon and we fled."

Rupert chuckled appreciatively, "Mrs. Grenfield and garlic, Oh my! Kitty there's Ann."

Keturah ran through the door he had left open and commanded him to close it behind her. He hastened to do her bidding and stood with his back to it as his wife came in. She tossed him a yellow field daisy and said, "Why guardest thou that door Sir Rupert? And, Rupert, what have you shut in it?"

Rupert glanced guiltily at the door where a generous portion of Keturah's skirt was caught, and seeing the game was up, swung it back and said, with a dramatic gesture, "Thy sister."

Keturah had tried in vain to pull herself free and was still trying when the sudden release of her skirt sent her head first in a heap on the floor. She shook her fist at Rupert after he had helped her gain her feet and something of her dignity and for a moment mirth held full sway.

It was Ketty, herself, who commanded the situation to her own satisfaction. She refused to go back to town for her dresses and she could not wear Ann's, so she planned her campaign accordingly.

She begged Ann to let her pose as the cook, but the cook, unfortunately had not given notice and Ann could never have trusted to Keturah's skill as a cook, so that plan was necessarily discarded. She then announced her intentions of posing as a hired girl and for a substantial backing, produced her suit case from the shelter of the vines and extracted therefrom several gingham dresses, and a pretty sunbonnet.

The sunbonnet she discarded as being unworthy of such stress of circumstances and pounced upon an old one of Ann's. This was one of that variety composed partly of cloth but mostly of China tea matting, and when it was pulled down over her face Rupert declared that even her best friend wouldn't recognize her. She declared that from its shelter she would watch the guests and have the best time that anyone ever had at a house party. Ann was somewhat dubious as to the outcome of such a scheme, but Keturah was enthusiastic enough for half a dozen people and over-ruled

all of her sister's objections. She watched the arrival of the guests from the seclusion of an arbor the next morning and met Ann soon after with very red cheeks.

"Ann," she demanded, "What ever made you invite Brigg Herald here?"

Ann picked a small fuzzy caterpillar from the sleeve of her dress and said under her breath, "So that's the way the land lies?" She did not intend Keturah should hear her it but she spoke louder than she had intended. Keturah's eyes snapped and she turned around and walked quickly away.

Ann laughed heartily and called, "Goodbye, Mary Jane."

"And who is Mary Jane?" asked a voice from the other door of the arbor. Ann turned quickly and confronted the man in question. She was caught for a moment but quickly regained her wits. "Come in Brigg, and have a seat," she said, "That Mary Jane is a very ungrateful hired girl of mine."

"She seems highly indignant over something," he replied as he watched Keturah striding toward the kitchen, digging her heels into the soft turf. "Oh, she is," Ann answered, "She doesn't like to work for so many people. She is really quite lazy."

"You have a jolly good crowd here this time, Madam Rupert," he said, after a moment's silence, "But as a privileged character I am going to ask you if I may expect to see Keturah here."

"Indeed it IS the way the land lies," Ann muttered to herself, and was brought to her senses with a start by her companion's polite "I beg your pardon?"

"No, I'm afraid not," she answered quickly. "You see Rupert is so absent-minded and he entirely forgot to mail her invitation so she knew nothing about it, and it's too late now. You will have to settle with Rupert about that, I guess."

Brigg laughed, though his face was red under his tan, and in a few moments Ann left him.

"Now, I am in for it," she thought as she walked slowly to the house, "Just more than likely he will confront Rupert so suddenly that the dear old simpleton will tell him that she is here. Well, she ought never to have tried such an experiment."

It was as Ann had feared. Rupert, taken unawares, was caught napping. He betrayed the secret that Keturah was there, but made Brigg solemnly promise not to tell anyone and not to let Ann know he had told.

"But how am I ever going to get to see her?" was the next question of the disconsolate Brigg, "She must stay in the house awfully close. I haven't seen her once."

"Oh, never you mind," Rupert had answered, "I'll fix that alright. When I have a bright idea I'll let you know."

Of the crowd gathered in the parlor that evening, everyone seemed happy except Brigg, who was gloomily rummaging through the pile of sheet music on the table near the piano and Rupert was lounging in the depths of a huge chair at the other end of the piano, listening to Karl Parker playing snatches of the songs that Brigg placed before him. Suddenly he sat up straight and clapped his hands on his forehead, then he leaned over and said confidentially to Karl, "Caroline Burroughs is holding lonely state out there in the hammock," and as soon as Karl had gone he appropriated the piano stool. "Have my chair, Brigg," he said, "And I'll play for you."

Brigg threw himself into the vacant chair and Rupert fixed his eyes on the lamp above the piano and began—"Sunbonnet Sue, Sunbonnet Sue, Roses and Sunshine Ran Second to You." He played the first verse and chorus glancing now and then at Brigg, but as the young gentleman seemed perfectly unconscious of his effort to amuse him he leaned over and muttered, "Listen, block head." And then played again, "Sunbonnet Sue, Sunbonnet Sue," and the rest of the chorus but emphasizing these words.

Brigg listened this time. His face brightened and he sad and nodded his head. Rupert fixed his eyes on the light again and started, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," but Brigg was gone.

"Where is Brigg?" Ann asked a few moments later. "I want to see him."

"I don't know," Rupert answered, "He was headed for the orchard the last I saw of him."

Ann gasped, "Why Ketty went out there a few moments ago to catch some fireflies. Of all the awful luck!"

The signal code worked admirably. For instance, Ann could not understand why Brigg should have such a desire to visit the kitchen when Rupert had just gone by singing "She can bake a cherry pie, quick as a cat can wink her eye," and of course there was no information forthcoming.

Again when Keturah announced that she thought she would try milking Rupert had passed Brigg, singing "Where are you going my pretty maid? I'm going a-milking, sir, she said." And Brigg was soon seen walking toward the stables.

Keturah was in despair. The third evening she held a council of war with Ann. "Ann," she said, "I'm either going home or else I'll join your midst at some unexpected hour, in all my gingham glory. I thought I would have some fun but it takes all my time to dodge that horrid old Brigg. No matter where I go he is always coming around. I hate to think Rupert is telling him where I start for all the time but I just wonder what he's always singing for. I never knew him to sing so much. Did you notice yesterday when you were all going out to play tennis and I started for the arbor in the back yard that Rupert started singing, 'Now honey, you play in your own back yard?' And so I stayed in the kitchen and watched, and sure enough, Brigg sauntered towards the arbor. I'll try it tomorrow and if I still have to dodge I will not stand it any longer. I didn't think Rupert could be so mean."

Keturah was almost in tears and Ann laughed till she cried, but told Keturah that she only imagined it, and that she was sure that Rupert could never think up any such a plan. However, the next morning she was near when Ketty announced her intentions of helping the gardener to take some honey from the hives and, on following him out to the verandah where her guests were, she noticed him pass Brigg, humming, "When the bees are in the hive."

She went back and warned Keturah and the rest of the morning Keturah did not go out of doors at all.

Brigg was beginning to get nervous for in all the times he had seen the author of his unrest, not once had he gotten within speaking distance, and Keturah was frankly cross and irritable, and Ann declared she could not stand living a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence and entertaining two sets of guests at one time.

On the afternoon of the day for Keturah's decision Rupert was obliged to go to town and Ann knew if anything was done she would have to do it. Although the afternoon was ideal and everyone else had gone to the river to row, Brigg smoked on the verandah in moody silence, and Keturah sat in the kitchen with a huge pan of unshelled peas in her lap. The cook declared that she knew she would make herself sick if she ate any more of "the green things" and to get even Keturah threw peas at the cook's favorite cat till it retreated in dismay.

Ann racked her brain for a plan of action and at last she, too, had a bright idea.

The door of the kitchen opened and Ann entered carrying a large basket and a pair of clippers. "Ketty," she said, "don't you want to go to the east pasture and get me some field daisies? I want them to use on the table tonight, and I haven't a minute to go after them. You know where they are and I think if you will go you will have the nicest afternoon you have had here yet."

Keturah gladly took the basket and reached for her bonnet. "No, don't wear that," Ann said, "You'll be safe now and I'm tired of that old thing."

She watched her as she went down through the orchard, swinging her basket, and said with a wicked little smile, "Yes, I think you'll have the very NICEST afternoon."

Then she turned and went to the verandah. "Don't you want me to play for you, Brigg?" she asked, and before he could reply she said, "I'll play one song, but you must listen closely."

Brigg tossed his cigar away and listened as Ann began, "Love, come with me, over the lea, down where the daisies grow."

By this time Brigg was standing in the door, "Do you know what you are doing?" he asked. "Indeed I do," she said, "east pasture."

She watched him as he hurried through the orchard the way Keturah had gone. Then she turned with a smile to pick up Rupert's riding stock as she said, "I'm afraid I won't get many daisies after all." —X. Y. Z.



## Dramatics

"The dramatic instinct is a dominant factor in human life, the significance of which is only beginning to be recognized by parents and educators. In childhood dramatic power can be easily directed. Through the presentation of worthy plays the mental faculties are quickened and the social and spiritual life acquires genuine culture. Democratic ideals are fostered by means of the drama and the child players gain a philosophy of life that means a truer adjustment of social values."

The Junior operetta, "The Captain of Plymouth," was a new feature in the history of the Normal. It consisted of one hundred and twenty-five people of which the following took the leading parts: The Captain (Miles Standish), or better known as Lewis Williams, a conceited, boasting fellow, wonderfully like Caesar, is determined to wed the fair Priscilla (Hilda Brunn.) He, too timid to make the proposal, asks John Alden, (the diligent scribe) known in everyday life as Tom Williams, to intercede for him. John is in love with Priscilla and consequently makes a muddle of it for Miles. Meanwhile the little colony has been disgraced in Elder Brewster's (Chester Turner) eyes, for Erasmus has kissed the fair Mercy, an early American girl, (Bernice Cotton) upon her ruby lips. The Captain demands that Mercy return the kiss to Erasmus, who is his right hand man of war. But the Elder puts a stop to such a crime. Miles and Erasmus, his righ bower (Frank Baker) one day, while roaming through the woods, are suddenly attacked by the Indian chief of the Pequots, Wattawamut (Mr. Uchikata) and his band and are tied to a tree to be burned to death. They are left tied over night and fortunately the chief's daughter, Katonka, (Vervian Waite) arrives on the scene to save Miles—not for Priscilla—but for herself, for he promises solemnly to make her his wife if she but freed him. She does so and never ceases to love and pet him, much to his distaste. But Miles is a very determined fellow and still plans to wed the fair Priscilla.

The wedding bells are finally rung—much to John's sorrow. Just before the Elder pronounces them man and wife the Indian Princess again saves the situation at least for John, for she claims "The Little Captain" for her own. Miles is very angry but nevertheless the Elder gives Priscilla to John, whom he always wished her to marry. The Elder then commands that Miles marry the Indian Princess. Miles answers that he will give Priscilla to John but he will never marry the Indian.

These, with the Lads and Lassies of the Colony, the Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Squaws, Puritan Men and Maidens, made up the pretty operetta, so successfully given by the Junior Class of the Normal at the Opera House, April 4, 1913.





We now stand back and give way to the Seniors, for whose play we are waiting in pleasant anticipation and we can say with assurance that it will be fully up to the high standard of Senior plays in the Normal.

The Normal has offered this year an excellent Lyceum Course, which students and towns people have enjoyed and profited by.

The first attraction was The Fellows Grand Opera Quartet, whose pleasing repertoire of musical numbers, solos, duets and quartets was greatly appreciated by their large audience.

Ross Crane, the cartoonist and his company, canvasses and crayons, modeling board and clay—to say nothing of the piano and piano stool, kept everyone in a merry humor during his entire lecture.

J. Adam Bede, the first speaker on the course presented his subject "Our Nation, Its Problems and Progress," in a very interesting and instructive manner.

The fourth number was Strickland W. Gillian, humorist, "The best thing I ever saw in print about my work (that I didn't write myself) was this, 'Gillian's entertainment makes you love your children better, that's worth working for.'"

Another very pleasant evening was afforded the friends of the Normal by Cora Mel Patten, literary interpreter, in her rendition of "Arms and the Man."

"Kick those pianos out of your homes—put in a good range and teach your daughters to cook"—a typical quotation from the up-to-date, snappy address of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the noted Pure Food Expert.

The Y. W. C. A. girls were the means on bringing to Ellensburg, Mrs. Katherine Oliver McCoy, the Dean of Scotch readers, in her charming presentation of "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

"O a' roads tae happiness,  
Ever were tried,  
There's nae half sae sure,  
As ain's ane fireside."

It will be conceded by many of the patrons of the Lyceum Course that the entertainment by the Ernest Gamble Concert Company was the most enjoyable number of the course. Miss Verna Page, a violinist of remarkable talent, soon had the audience in complete sympathy with her and the repeated encores for every number showed how the entertainers had captivated their audience.

The last, but by no means the least of the Lyceum Course was the Roney's Boys Concert Company.

"Only in dreams I've listened to the music of the spheres  
And harps and songs of angels—the voice of happy tears,  
But now my imprisoned fancy has an earnest of their joys  
For I've heard the earthly cherubs that are christened 'Roney's Boys.'"

The course for the season of 1913-14 has been arranged for and will be as follows:

Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House.

Ralph Parlette, Humorist, Editor of "The Lyceum Magazine," which is the oldest Lyceum publication.

Four Artists Concert Company, consisting of a violinist, baritone, soprano and pianist.



Montaville Flowers, dramatic interpreter.  
Weathewax male quartette.  
Montaville Wood, Scientific Lecturer, demonstrating the gyroscope, monorail, etc.  
Bohamir Kryl and Daughters. Kyrl is a world-famous cornetist and his daughters are violinist and pianist.

"CYMBELINE."

Presented by the Senior Class for Class Day, June 2, 1913.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

BRITAINS

Cymbeline, (King of Britain).....	Grace Bigford
Cloten, (his stepson).....	Lewis Williams
Leonatus Posthumus, (a British Noble).....	Thomas Williams
Pisanio, (a faithful retainer of Posthumus).....	Ernest Carlson
Belarius, (an aged exiled Noble assuming the name of Morgan).....	Cora Middleton
Guiderius, (called Polydore). Arviragus, (called Cadival). Supposed sons of Belarius, but stolen sons of the King.....	Virginia Easterday, Frances Wit
Madon, (a Noble).....	Clara Berg
Locline, (a Noble).....	Mattie Black
Cornelius, (a Physician).....	Leota Crain
First British Officer.....	Edna Bullock
Second British Officer.....	Mabel Yocom
Queen (second wife to Cymbeline).....	Camilla Scheibe
Imogen, (Daughter of the King).....	Mary Ritchie
Helen, (her Lady).....	Goldie Hoffman
Ladies of the Queen.....	Henrietta Loba Florence Corbett Myrtle Whitehouse Eleanor Coe
Lords of the Court.....	Carrie Hammond Margaret Miller Minnie Noble
Guards.....	Helen Newstrum Jennie Wilson Blanche Makley
Pages.....	Urba Thomas Fannie Chase

Dance of the Fauns Before Cymbeline's Court.

Carlotta Bennett Vera Campbell Maud Sanborn Elizabeth Fletcher  
Mabel Hayton Helen Hunt Helen Roberts

BRITISH ARMY.

Caius Lucius (a Roman General).....	Carolyn Kyes
Iachinio, (a Roman Noble).....	Blanche Champlin
Philario, (a Roman Noble).....	Freda Thomsen
Lewis, (a French Gentleman).....	Hazel Bailey
First Roman Officer.....	Dora Peterson
Second Roman Officer.....	Margaret Jones
Captain.....	Gladys Peairs
Roman Lords of the House of Philario.....	Edith Wilden Mabel White Luella Gross Marion Hollinshead
Roman Maidens Serving at the banquet.....	Fannie Chase Grace Brown Mary Bevilaqua Urba Thomas Helen Ames Helen Ames
Grecians Maidens, Dancers at the Banquet.....	Maude Blake Violet McMillan Martha Roehl Edith Martin
Roman Army.	

Cymbeline, the son of Theomautius, the youngest son of Kind Lud, is reported to have become King in the year of the world 3931, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of Christ 33, though authorities differ greatly as to the time. He reigned over the Tribontes (inhabiting Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Essex and adjacent parts), and was a powerful monarch; his capitol was called Comulodunum, the site of which has not been ascertained, but has been supposed to be either Moldon or Colchester. He reigned 35 years, leaving two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

The only part of the drama that has any historical basis is the demanding and enforcing the Roman tribute. This Shakespear derived from Holinshed, who places the scene in the reign of Augustus. The domestic part of the King's action with all that relates to the Queen and Cloten, except the name of the latter, is an invention of the poets; as is the part of Belarius with the King's two sons.

The main plot of the drama is the fabulous origin, the story, however, being used with the Poets customary freedom of enrichment and adaptation.

Schlegel pronounces "Cymbeline," "One of Shakespear's most wonderful compositions."





**SEATED**

Florence Wilson.....	Matha Roehl
Miss Stellar.....	Ruth Eckert
Prof. Klemme.....	Chas. Champie
Miss Hutchinson.....	Bernice Cox
Dr. Harris.....	Clara Berg
Dr. Munson.....	Ernest Carlson
Prof. Wilson.....	Fred Poyna
Prof. Morgan.....	Will Tierney
Miss Hoffman.....	Freda Thomsen
Prof. Whitney.....	Chester Turner
Prof. Meinherr.....	Claude Watkins
Miss Bedell.....	Grace Brown
Miss Enslie.....	Ida Marshall

**STANDING**

Mrs. Warner.....	Bernice Hostfelt
Miss Maxwell.....	Leola Damon
Prof. Klemme.....	Fannie Chase
Miss Meissner.....	Hilda Brunn
Miss Grunew.....	Blanche Rodman
Mr. Dallas.....	Lewis Williams
Miss Bullock.....	Anita Talbert
Miss Ringer.....	Marion Camp
Miss Frances Smith.....	Hazel Wallace
Miss Sabeltwitz.....	Mattie Black
Miss Davidson.....	Edith Martin
Miss Helen Smith.....	Elaine Flech

## Students Day

Students day was hailed this year with great enthusiasm, the day when the faculty are so busy making out our grades that they turn the school over into the hands of the students. About two weeks before students day we were looking forward to it, some of us with a keener interest because we had experienced it before; but not far behind in interest were the new students, as was shown when the election was held on the Monday previous.

The prevailing wish of the students seemed to be to choose members who most resembled the different members of the faculty, or could best take off their pattern.

At last the day came and President Fred Poyns (Pres. Wilson) allowed the assembly period which began at 8:30 to extend through the first period.

At 8:30 sharp the doors were closed and Miss Ida Marshall (Miss Ensle), lead in the opening song, which was played exceptionally well by Miss Elaine Felch, (Miss Smith); in the middle of the second verse President Wilson stepped forward to the desk and holding a letter in his hand stopped the singing and announced that Leola Damon, (Miss Maxwell), had just received a very important letter from Brown County, and that he would have to call a faculty meeting on the platform to discuss this very important inquiry about Miss P's ability for the position.

At Prof. Claude Watkins' (Mr. Mehner's) suggestion all old business was put aside that they might proceed to the new business; here, as usual, Prof. Will Tierney (Mr. Morgan), rose and without addressing the chair insisted that the faculty were worse than the student body, that there was no such thing as "old business," unfinished business was what they meant.

Miss Grace Brown (Miss Bedell), rose and said: "I oppose Miss P. as a candidate on the grounds that she has had no course in domestic economy."

Mr. Morgan: "I don't think Miss Bedell needs to criticize because she has had no domestic economy, for I have noticed that many girls have come into my arithmetic class with flour all over their faces."

Miss Bernice Cox (Miss Hutchinson): "Powder and spasmodics are absolutely essential to all girls in this climate."

Mr. Charles Champie (Mr. Klemme): "For every evil under the sun there is a remedy or there is none, if there is one find it, if there is none never mind it. In a little Missouri village, a shop keeper hung this sign over the door of his shop, 'Come in without knocking and go out the same way.' Miss P. has gone through our school without knocking and I recommend that we send her out the same way."

Miss Martha Roehl (Miss Wilson): "As a graduate of this school I can say that I'm sure Miss P. will have nothing to knock about."

Just then Mr. Mehner woke up and asked, "What's all this here meeting about?"

Prof. Wilson asked Ruth Eckert, (Miss Stellar): "Is Miss P. color deaf?"

Miss Eckert: "Oh yes, Prof. Wilson, did you ever notice that green dress she wears?"

Miss Hilda Brunn, (Miss Meisner): willingly, "I'll recommend her very highly, she has taught in the Kindergarten and is very kind to the children, I think she should have the position."

Miss Freda Thomsen (Miss Hoffman): "I-a, I-a hope Miss Meisner will-a pardon me-a for-a disputing her, but—Miss P. is not capable of handling little children. She slaps them on the head and for that reason I think she is incapable."

Mr. Chester Turner, (Mr. Whitney) deliberately, "Miss P. surely is not able to take that position, she has never had a course in Manual Training and therefore cannot use the saw and hammer, which are very necessary in order to pound the knowledge into the childrens' heads."

Miss Anita Talbert (Miss Bullock): "She still has several unexcused absences."

Mr. Morgan, looking over his glasses: "Prof. Wilson, I move you that we lay this discussion on the table until the next faculty meeting."

Miss Hoffman: "This is very important, a position in Brown county must not be neglected. I think we ought to send them a teacher right away—."

The faculty meeting was adjourned and Miss Ensle lead in another song, frantically keeping time to other music than that which the faculty were singing.

Next the Faculty responded to their names with characteristic style. Dr. Ernest Carlson (Dr. Munson), read his lecture on "A Common Fallacy," followed by the delightful rendering of Little Miss Muffet, by Miss Hutchinson. Somehow Miss Bullock had come to realize that she had been giving her classes too long assignments; she offered apologies and promised that her next assignment would be shorter. The lesson for History VIII the next day should be from page 265 to 50<sup>o</sup> in the text; to look up the same topics in at least three other histories, to study the Constitution so as to be able to recite freely upon any part of it. To study carefully the Woman's Right question, also the slavery question, an interesting account of the latter being found in Uncle Sam's Cabin. In the remaining spare time to study Woodrow Wilson's first administration and be able to run over the second in class. Look up the history of the members of the new cabinet, especially Wm. J. Bryan, secretary of state. An article on Mr. Bryan might be found in the last Bull Moose magazine in the library. Finally outline the administrations of Lincoln and Garfield and hand them in.

Miss Edith Martin, (Miss Davidson), had her model class in gymnasium come to the platform and drill for the assembly. Miss Anna Wittenberg carried off the honors. Miss Blanche Rodman, (Miss Grupe) gave us a talk on Brown County, Indiana, and the charming Miss Mattie Black (Miss Sabelwitz) told us something of the terrible white plague and how much we could do to protect others by using red-cross seals at Christmas time.

Miss Smith favored us with the most popular, "Everybody's Doing It," and "Beautiful Lady" waltzes.

Miss Meisner taught her Kindergartners that the only way to have everything they wanted was to take them away from the other children.

Miss Bernice Hosfelt (Mrs. Warner) gave the gentle reminder that all texts should be returned to the library by 2:30.

At 9:40, the usual business of the assembly being accomplished, the students were dismissed by President Wilson.

#### SMILING.

When the weather suits you not,

Try smiling.

When your coffee isn't hot

Try smiling.

When your neighbors don't do right

Or your relatives all fight,

Sure it's hard but then you might

Try smiling.

Doesn't change the things, of course,

Just smiling.

But it cannot make them worse,

Just smiling.

And it seems to help your case,

Brighten up a gloomy place,

Then it sort of rests your face,

Just smiling.

—Ex.



## Society Notes

At the beginning of the school year the Young Peoples' Societies of the various churches of Ellensburg gave informal socials complimentary to the Normal students, in the parlors of the respective churches, with the exception of the Baptist Young People, who gave theirs in the Y. M. C. A. reception rooms. Short musical programs were given each evening followed by introductions and informal games.

### Y. W. C. A. Reception

How did the students get acquainted? It was an easy matter when left to the ingenuity of the Y. W. C. A. girls. At eight o'clock on the evening of Sept. 11, 1912, was heard the talking and laughter of crowds of Normal students approaching the building to enjoy the first social evening in the Ellensburg Normal of the year 1912-13. The guests were greeted at the top of the stairs by a number of Y. W. C. A. girls, and escorted to the auditorium where they enjoyed a most delightful program rendered by a number of students who were at the Normal last year. Every one was anxious to get to the library, which was the scene of gaiety the rest of the evening. Here everyone forgot formality and though few introductions were made everyone got acquainted with everyone else. Throughout the evening ice cream and wafers were served buffet style in one of the library rooms.

### Dormitory Society

One of the most pleasant affairs of the early school year was the reception given by Mrs. Arthur and the dormitory girls on Friday evening, October 4, 1912.

Upon entering the building which was beautifully lighted and decorated with cut flowers and potted ferns, we found every girl in her place ready to do her part to have everyone meet and enjoy those about them. We were first escorted to the parlors and after a few moments spent there, were served to punch in a nearby room but were enticed on into the dining room below where the orchestra delighted us with the sweetest strains of music while we were being served to a delicious luncheon by the Senior girls.

The happy voices of those leaving the dormitory echoed the complete success of the evening.

Mrs. Arthur always enjoys making the girls happy, so about a week before the mid-year graduation in February, when she knew she would soon lose some of her girls, she planned accordingly. She shortened the study hour; much to the gratification of the girls, and called them from the cottages and the rooms in the dormitory down into the dining room. Here they found an answer to their inquiry as to the meaning of the shortened study hour, for there were the tables in the dining room arranged as one, large enough for all. Here she had the girls seated and served them to a very

dainty luncheon and the girls spent a happy hour together. The girls who were leaving declared they should like to graduate every week if they were always to have spreads like that one.

Many of the Dorm girls did not go home during Thanksgiving vacation and many of the old girls were back again for the holidays, and for the Thanksgiving dance which is given every year at the dormitory. Throughout the day the busy preparations could be observed from any room or in either of the hall ways.

Many beautiful pennants formed a pleasing background for the potted ferns and cut flowers; chrysanthemums, the famous foot ball flower, which is always in its fullest glory at that season, predominated, an appropriate finishing touch to the Thanksgiving decorations. The dining room made a pretty picture with its groups of daintily gowned girls. Indeed it is the sweetest hours that are soonest to go and never had hours seemed so fleet as those of this Thanksgiving dance.

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### County Club Dance

In the latter part of the winter the girls of the Yakima, Pierce and King County clubs gave a very pretty informal party at the Episcopal Parish House. It was the first informal dance given by the girls and was well attended. The parlors of the Parish House were very pleasant with the fires in the two fireplaces, and a happy half hour was spent here before the dancing began at nine o'clock. Miss Genevieve Dove furnished music for the dancers and was very generous with a delightful program of light operas and popular music. Miss Hutchinson chaperoned the participants. The club girls felt much better acquainted for the evening spent together.





## The Hallowe'en Party

For many years past it has been the custom at the Normal for the Junior Class to entertain at the Hallowe'en party and the success of the event is in preparing a maze more startling and general attractions more spooky than ever before, with which to trap the unwary guest. The entrance to the building is usually such, however, that the guest is in a measure tempered for the horrors before him.

This year the guests were allowed to enter the building through the front hallway, where silent, white ghosts directed them into a dark hallway, and down the stairway to the basement floor. From here the guests were pointed to a narrower hall lighted by the uncertain glimmer of Jack-o'-lanterns and guarded by silent ghosts. To pass through here seemed going into certain trouble for timely, or untimely, stumbling blocks were placed in the pathway and the ears were greeted by the harsh clang of bells and anvils and the screeching of victims further on in the fray.

Suddenly a skeleton flashed before the eyes of the startled victims, lighting for a moment the dismal path, which became only the more blinding for the momentary brightness. Here again the silent ghosts pulled the guest along to another stairway and he heaved a sigh of relief when he found himself at the entrance of the gymnasium.

His fears being dispelled by the lights his eyes travelled along the walls, which were banked high with corn stalks and topped with the characteristic Hallowe'en symbols, cats, owls and witches, and the lights were covered with owl shades. The four columns in the center of the gymnasium were transformed into great shocks of corn and under the square formed by these columns, canopied with the Hallowe'en colors, the orchestra was stationed.

Across the floor was situated an enticing fortune-telling booth made of corn stalks. The walls inside were hung with ears of corn and lighted by a weird blue flame. Seated in this appropriate atmosphere a charming and mysterious gypsy told the fortunes of man and maid as they called. Across the room, in a setting of Oriental draperies and pillows, a second fortune-teller was kept busy reading palms.

Between dances the guests were served to cider and doughnuts in the Domestic Science room across the hall from the gymnasium.

But the gymnasium was not the only place of amusement; the library rooms were opened to those who did not dance and during the entire evening many young people made merry by playing parlor games in the softly-lighted rooms.

It being the year of the National Presidential campaign, visitors were attracted by the presence of ex-President Roosevelt, President Taft and President-Elect Woodrow Wilson, whose faces were seen caricatured in pumpkin lanterns, these being the only lights in the hallway the early part of the evening.

The orchestra was very liberal in their selections and allowed none to even think of weariness until the strains of the "Home Sweet Home" waltz announced that the happy hours of another Hallowe'en were now a thing of the past.

## The Colonial Ball

Long had the students looked forward to the event which should celebrate the birthday of the "Father of Our Country," and it surely was something to be looked forward to, for the Seniors had succeeded to the fullest extent in making it a grand success.

The halls were the first things to command the visitors' attention, upon entering the building. They were decorated with greens, flags and colored crepe paper. On the stairs leading to Prof. Morgan's office was arranged a huge cozy corner of large American flags. On the stairway leading to the assembly hall was arranged another pretty corner hung with crepe paper, red, white and blue, dropped from the ceiling and forming a background back of a bank of greens, where sat the orchestra which played lively popular music during the first part of the evening. The rest of the halls were prettily decorated with greens and flags.

The library was so artistically decorated that it seemed to be transformed into fairyland. The gymnasium, which was as usual the success of the evening, was uniquely decorated with flags and greens, which made a fitting background for the Colonial men and maidens who took part in the minuet. Just to watch them made one feel as though he really lived in those old days of powdered hair and wigs.

The hallway between the gymnasium and the Domestic Science room was converted into a dining room with a canopy of red, white and blue paper. It was filled with tables set for four and lighted with shaded candles. The refreshments consisted of brown bread sandwiches, brown bean salad, tea and cookies. The Senior girls took turns at serving and everything went off without an accident.

After the minuet the dancing lasted until about 12 o'clock.

## Faculty Reception For The Mid-Years

The mid-year graduation exercises were held Friday evening, Jan. 24, 1913. Immediately after the exercises the visitors were invited to the library, where a reception had been arranged by the faculty. The library was beautifully decorated for the occasion; the visitors were greeted by a receiving line, composed of the graduates and members of the faculty. The reception was characteristic of the many happy evenings spent in the Normal library and was fully enjoyed by the students and guests. Refreshments were served in the reception room, presided over by members of the faculty.

## Miscellaneous

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### Dormitory Red-Heads

Ten little red-heads feeling rather fine  
Selma climbed the fire escape, then there were nine.  
Nine little red-heads waiting for a date  
Wanda got one and then there were eight.  
Eight little red-heads sat up till eleven  
Freda got squelched and then there were seven.  
Seven little red-heads up to more tricks  
Elma was caught and then there were six.  
Six little red-heads out for a drive  
Helen made a hit and then there were five.  
Five little red-heads jumping on the floor  
Birdie fell through and then there were four.  
Four little red-heads had a grape juice spree  
Fannie drank too much and then there were three.  
Three little red-heads feeling very blue  
Alma went autoing and then there were two.  
Two little red-heads eating a sawdust bun  
Nettie swallowed it whole and then there was one.  
One little red-head left all alone  
Mabel got married then there was none.

—F. B. F.

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### It Is Not True, But They Say...

That Bill said good bye eight times before he could leave her.  
That Ivor Strappler stayed at Sterling's till 11:30 after the Y. M.  
C. A. Circus.  
That Baker quit visiting the Dormitory.  
That Claude is going down to Prosser for the summer.  
That Chester spends the most of his time at the Taylors.  
That Lewis Williams was seen with the same girl twice.  
That Miss Grupe thinks Fred is a model teacher.  
That Ernest has Mozart and Schumann beaten a mile.  
That Charles is good in History.  
That Tom can raise a mustache.  
That Henson has lots of spare time.  
That Roy Nash is bashful.  
That Marvin blushes.  
That Elmer is slow.  
That Brown visits the Club House.  
That Crozier is a flirt.  
That Edgar is married.  
That Otto is a woman hater.  
That Hawthorne showed attentions to a girl.  
That Henry Gibson was in a hurry.

## “S’pose”

That Prof. Morgan should correct the president of the Students Assembly.  
That Socrates should return to the Alumni banquet.  
That all the Dorm girls should appear at breakfast some morning.  
That the Berg girls should forget to squeal.  
That Yuma Paulhamus and Blanche Abercrombie should dance the light fantastic in the Dorm halls.  
That Birdie Anderson and Fannie Chase should be seen together.  
That a gentleman should call when Maude was at the library.  
That Anna Wittenberg should attract attention.  
That Mary Huntley and Marion Camp should ask for dress goods samples.  
That John Hunter should lose his bottle of lemon extract.  
That Mabel should get three letters from Hans in one day.  
That Prof. Mehner should give a moving-picture show.  
That Mrs. Arthur should visit the Club House.  
That Helen Roberts should giggle.  
That Carlson should crack a joke.  
That Fuzzy should curl her hair.  
That Fred Poyns should teach art in the Kindergarten.  
That we should hear about Brown county.  
That Minnie Kraus could cut out Minnie Gordon.  
That we should see Prof. Klemme without a grin.  
That Bee should make a date for Good Friday night.



## Hall of Fame

Registrar: "Next. Name please?"  
Applicant: "Lewis R. Williams."  
Registrar: "Well, what have you ever done?"  
Applicant: "I am the famous W. S. N. S. sprinter and hold some very good records for the 100-yard dash."  
Registrar: "Very good. Take the first pedestal on the left. Next. Name please?"  
Applicant: "Ivor Uncas Strupper, or Mabel."  
Registrar: "Are you interested in athletics?"  
Applicant: "Yes, indeed. I play ping-pong and often watch them play basket ball, although it seems rude and unmannerly to run into each other and play so roughly as they sometimes do.  
I am also a woman hater."  
Registrar: "H-m-m-m, sad case this. You will have to get a permit to enter here.  
Next. Name please?"  
Applicant: "Blanche Abercrombie."  
Registrar: "What are your claims for fame?"  
Applicant: "I was president of the 1913 W. S. N. S. Juniors and\_\_\_\_."  
Registrar: "Good. Take the alcove on the right. Next. Name please?"  
Applicant: "Mrs. Arthur."  
Registrar: "What have you done for your fellow creatures?"  
Applicant: "I have guided the girls of the W. S. N. S. dormitory in the right path for many years and\_\_\_\_."  
Registrar: "Say no more. Your claim is already justified. Next."  
Applicant: "Fred R. Poyns."  
Registrar: "And what are your claims?"  
Applicant: "I was the 'R. U. B. E.' manager of the 1913 W. S. N. S. basket ball team."  
Registrar: "Take the pedestal on the extreme left marked 'R. E. U. B. E.' Next.  
Name?"  
Applicant: "I am Miss Edith Ringer."  
Registrar: "Will you please state your claims?"  
Applicant: "I should think you would know. I have been matron of the Club House for nine months and am still alive. I think the world owes me something."  
Registrar: "You deserve much praise. Take the alcove marked 'Heroine.' Next."  
Applicant: "Wanda Hibarger."  
Registrar: "Your claims please."  
Applicant: "I have the reddest red hair in the W. S. N. S. and am also the biggest flirt."  
Registrar: "Good. Take the pedestal marked 'coquette.'"  
The Committee adjourned until after lunch.

—R. B. F.

There is a young fellow called Crozier,  
Who always thinks that he knows yer,  
He's tall, lean and lank,  
And some say he's a crank,  
But we know that he's not when he beaus yer.

—L. D.

There was a young man named Tom Williams  
Who, had he possessed a few millions,  
Wouldn't be here for a Normal career,  
But live on his money, "the billion."

There was a young man whom we call Lew.  
He was not very tall and his eyes were blue.  
His favorite haunts were at the Normal,  
Where he always acted quite informal.  
On Sunday in the choir he'd sing  
And goodness! how his voice would ring.  
There aren't many just like Lew—  
We've said enough, so this will do.



### Treble Clef

Soon after the beginning of the school year in the fall of 1912 the Treble Clef was organized under the able direction of Miss Enslie. Practice hours were held twice weekly and the results were very satisfactory. The girls soon had a pleasing repertoire and appeared several times at Monday morning assemblies.

When the Junior class decided to present the operetta, "The Captain of Plymouth," the regular practices were discontinued and the girls went to work with a hearty will on the operetta music.

This work continued until April 4th, when the operetta was presented. The girls are deserving of much praise for the hard work they did on the operetta and for the pleasant, willing spirit with which they gave their time to the cause. While the operetta music was not exactly classical the Clef girls derived no small pleasure from their work with it.

A week after the operetta practicing ceased, the regular work of the organization was taken up again, preparatory to the Twilight Recital, given on May 24th.

The Treble Clef consisted of thirty-nine girls, divided carefully with a view to a balance of voices, there being seventeen first sopranos, ten second sopranos and eleven altos.

The girls have appeared in the following selections:

Night Sinks on the Wave .....	Molloy
Song at Sunrise .....	Manney
Carmena Waltz .....	H. Lane Wilson
Lift Thine Eyes .....	Mendelssohn
Shepherd Lady .....	D. Armstrong

Schubert's Serenade . . . . .	
Shoogy Shoo . . . . .	H. Lichter
Twilight . . . . .	Abt
Romany Mothers Song . . . . .	Fischer
My Mother . . . . .	Koschat

The girls who have belonged to the Treble Clef during the year are:

**FIRST SOPRANOS**—Theresa Smith, Frances Wit, Helen Ames, Jennie Wilson, Carlotta Bennett, Marguerite Buchanan, Aral Chapman, Bernice Cotton, Elizabeth Fletcher, Maude Sanborn, Edith Martin, Mary Ritchie, Helen Roberts, Martha Roehl, Margaret Crim, Louise Waters.

**SECOND SOPRANOS**—Mattie Black, Hazel Bailey, Ida Marshall, Lillian Taylor, Eva Scott, Florence Corbett, Clara Berg, May Maxwell, Minnie Noble, Fannie Chase.

**ALTOS**—Vervian Waite, Bernice Doust, Leas Cornell, Ella Berg, Frances Bonnell, Virginia Easterday, Adeline Moltke, Anna Bell, Grace Bigford, Hilda Brunn, Lily Swanson.

## Glee Club

After considerable trouble in finding a convenient time it was found that all the Normal boys could be present on Monday and Thursday evenings for Glee Club practice.

When organized there were ten members. After a great deal of scraping, begging and borrowing, the number was increased to fifteen, with three first and four second tenors, four baritones and four bass.

After making several appearances in assembly the student body and faculty were agreeably surprised when, in response to an encore to some forgotten selection, the boys had filed back to the platform, a melodious voice startled the students with "Why have the faculty but one idea." The answer was forthcoming in full-voice:

'Because there's only room for one,  
There's only room for one—  
At the Normal gate at half-past eight  
Keeping the teachers up so late—  
There's only room for one."

Before the students could recover that strange voice rang out once more with "Why do the Dorm. girls want more men?" Again the burst of

"Because there's room for more than one,  
There's room for more than one—  
At the new Dorm. gate at half-past eight—  
Keeping the Matron up so late—  
There's room for more than one."

A third time the voice rose above the shrieks of laughter, this time to bring the Club House girls to account for their rude treatment of the aviator on Hallowe'en night by, "Why didn't all the Club House girls go up with the aviator?" It was

"Because there was only room for one,  
There was only room for one—  
At Schultz's gate at half-past eight,  
Keeping the bird-man up so late—  
There was only room for one."

The boys fled from the platform, not knowing what the result would be. The next night at practice they knew they had made a hit and Miss Ensle had trouble in keeping the boys for the hour's practice for some one had announced the Club Girls' invitation to come down and sing the song at the Club House for all the candy they could eat. Needless to say, at eight o'clock the Glee Club was on the front lawn singing, "Oh, Lovely Night." At the end of the first verse they were hailed by the girls from the doorway.

The evening was spent in singing and eating candy. The boys will always remember that evening with the Club Girls.

In a few weeks the Glee Club took up the work of the Junior operetta, "The Captain of Plymouth," doing the chorus work with the Treble Clef. The "Sailor's Horn-Pipe" was given by ten of the boys, while four took solo parts, which were well carried.

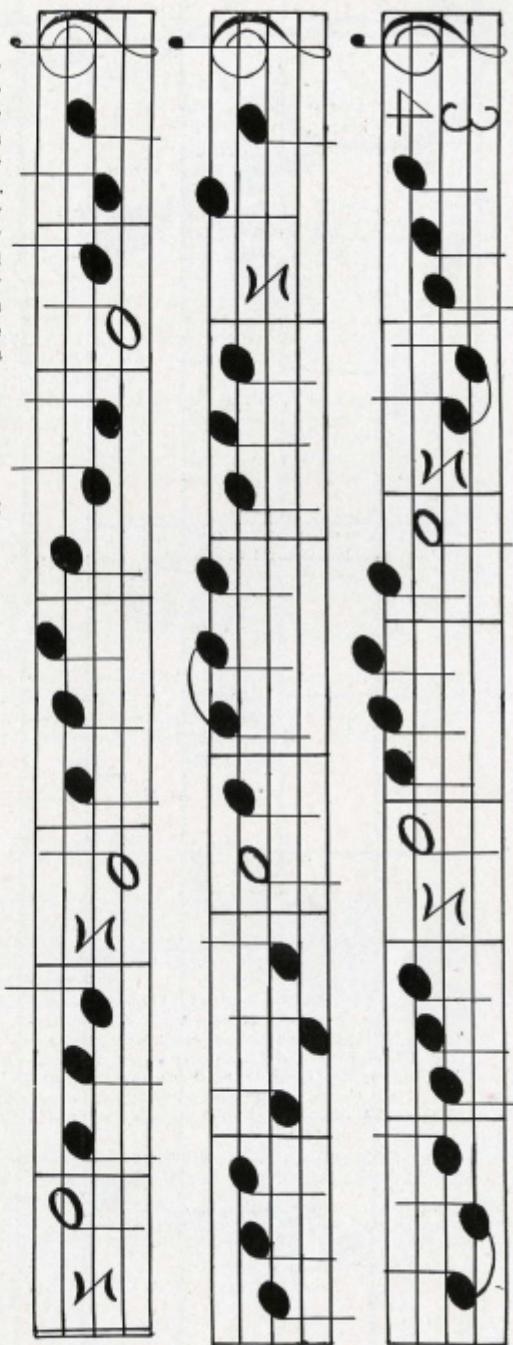
After the operetta, work was begun in view of the Twilight Recital to be given the last of May.

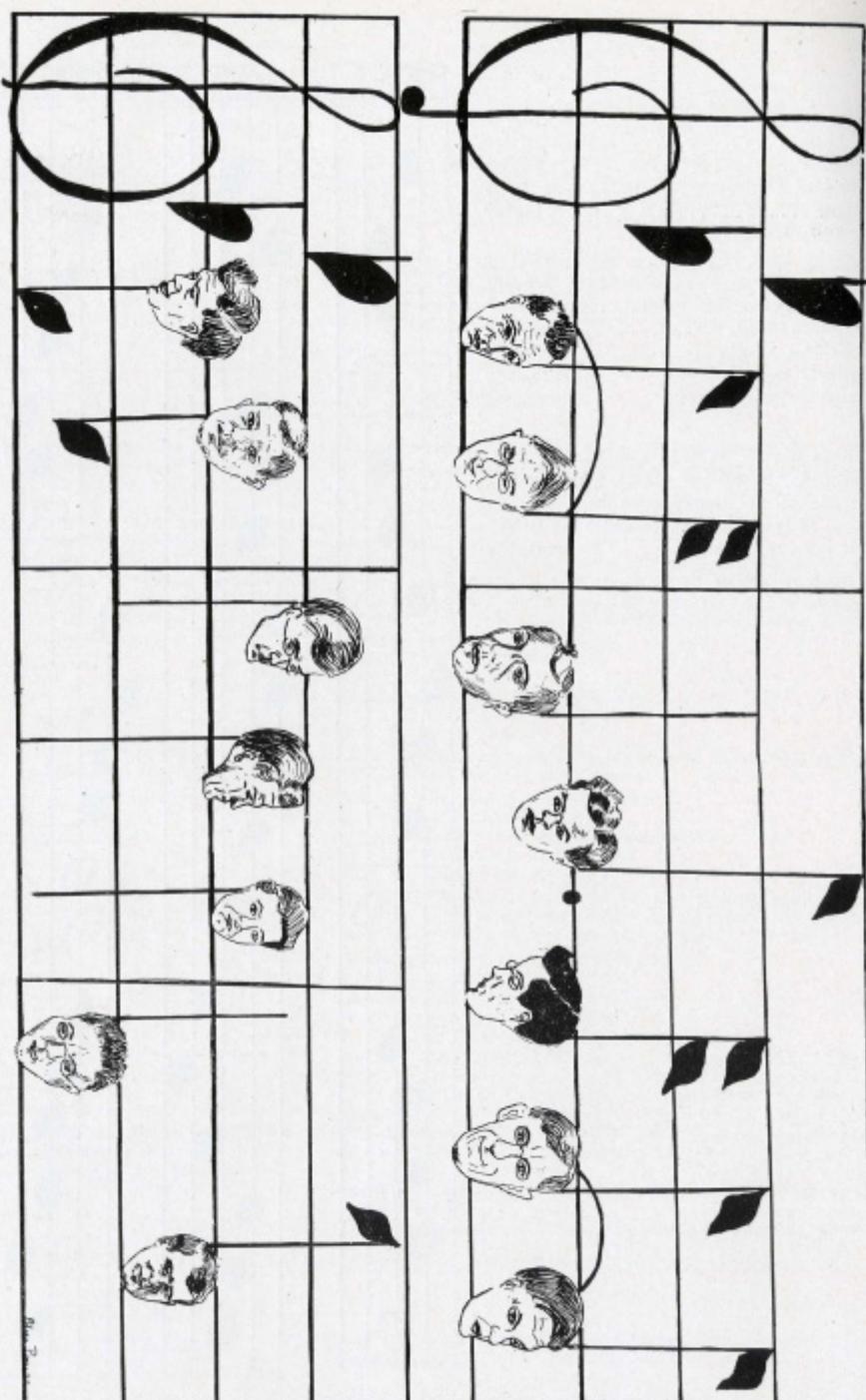
Among the selections which the boys rendered at different times were the following:

The Wayside Cross .....	Palmer
Lovely Night .....	Evilsizier
Cabin Home .....	Foster
Little Brown Church .....	Pitts
Crow Song .....	Lester
There's Only Room for One .....	
Land O' the Leal .....	Scotch Melody
Nut-Brown Maiden .....	Highland Melody
Carry Me Back to Old Virginia .....	Bland
A Song at Twilight .....	Molloy
'Tis I, Be Not Afraid .....	Coles
The Sailor's Dream .....	Leslie
A Song of College Cheer .....	Adams

Still ailing wind? Wilt be appeased or no?  
 Which needs the others' office, Thou or I?  
 Dost want to be disburdened of a woe  
 And can, in truth, my voice unite its links,  
 And let it go? —Browning

(Original music by E. E. P. C.)





## Wilson Presidential Club

"It is wise to be polite," saith an old adage. However this may be, the political cauldron boiled and bubbled at the W. S. N. S. during the 1912 campaign. Feeling ran high and intense excitement prevailed. Several prominent men took advantage of the opportunity offered them, and addressed our honorable student body on the issues of the day. Among these was our present governor, Hon. Ernest Lister, and Mr. Robt. T. Hodge, "Bull Moose" candidate for governor.

As a natural result, the Democratic principles appealed more strongly to the majority of the students than those of any other party. The Democrats organized a club under the name of the "Wilson Presidential Club," and it flourished from the start. As good Democrats we worked harmoniously together under the able leadership of our worthy president, Claude Watkins. Several rumors of discord came from the "Bull Moose" camp, whose chief element of strength seemed to lie with their Chairman, Mr. I. U. Struppner. It was the earnest desire of the Democrats to convert him to their principles, but owing to the lack of time before election, they did not quite accomplish the result. Our activities were numerous, though, and gained recognition from the State Central Committee.

Forensic ability, hitherto unknown and undiscovered among the students, was suddenly uncovered. On a proposition of Prof. Morgan, each party put forward three speakers, who were to speak in assembly, on the principles of their respective parties. The Democrats were represented by Messrs. Geo. Champie, Watkins and Poyns. Is it necessary to mention the result? If so, notice the election returns for the facts of the case.

One of the most pleasant events of the campaign was Hon. Ernest Lister's visit to the Normal. He addressed us in the Auditorium and attended a meeting of the Club. In the evening, the Club went in a body to hear Mr. Lister's public address and the people of Ellensburg know now that they are blest with a Normal School, for a football rally resembled a pink tea in comparison to our progress down town. From the moment our march began, the election was never in doubt. The "Wilson Presidential Club" immediately became the "Wilson and Lister Club" and the effects certainly justified the cause.

As members of the Club and as good Democrats we are proud of the part we had in the election of two such men to office as Woodrow Wilson and Ernest Lister. Four years will pass before another campaign is here, but we hope the spirit of the "Democratic Square Deal," may never die in the hearts of the students of the Ellensburg Normal School.

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## Bull Moose Club

About the first of October, a meeting for the purpose of organizing a Bull Moose political club among the students, was called. About thirty students responded and elected Ivor Uncas Struppner as president, Bernice Cotton as vice-president and Delphia Dixon as secretary. A committee for selecting a name for the club was appointed and the meeting adjourned.

A few days later another meeting was called and the name "Washington State Normal School Bull Moose Club" was adopted and shortened to "Bull Moose Club," for convenience. The president then explained that the organization was to name three speakers from their number, who were to represent their side of the political question in assembly on the three Mondays before election day. The business of the meeting was accomplished with the appointing of the three speakers, L. R. Williams, speaker for the first Monday, Ivor Struppner for the second and Frank Baker for the third Monday.

Although the school was largely Democratic, the "Bull Moose Club" made a very good showing against the speakers of the other clubs and on election day ran the Wilsonites a good race in the school election.

We were not winners this time but we hope that in 1916 the Bull Moose sympathizers will revive the old organization and again make the old walls ring with the cry, "Hurrah for Teddy!"

I. U. S. L. R. W. F. B.



## Literary Societies

In 1891 the Faculty decided that by helping to launch two literary societies more literary work could be accomplished, and the task, which proved to be a pleasure, was given to Mr. Mahan and Prof. Morgan, who organized the Eclectic and Crescent Literary Societies.

The Eclectic was divided into two divisions, A and B, and carried on meetings alternately with the Crescent, which was divided into four round tables; one Friday the Crescents would occupy the assembly and give a program to the Student Body and the following week the Eclectic held a similar meeting, thus providing a literary program each week.

Both societies have had their ups and downs but until in the last four years the Eclectic seemed to be a little in the lead—the Crescents all the while were making a steady, healthy growth and this year, under the capable leadership of Miss Hilda Brunn, the president, holding over from last year, and the faithful rallying of a few old Crescents, the society rapidly built up until the enrollment reached about eighty members.

This year only two round tables were formed and did very efficient work, giving some fine afternoon programs. It has been the custom of the two societies to give an evening's entertainment each month, alternately. At the beginning of this year, however, the Eclectics soon disbanded and the first Public was given in December by a caste of thirteen, who presented "A Christmas Conspiracy." The program was thoroughly enjoyable and was witnessed by a full house.

The curtain rises, disclosing the family group—the parents (Mr. Morgan, Phoebe Prickett, Charles Champie), young people (Marion Camp, Hazel Weeks, Mabel Hayton, Lewis Williams, Urba Thomas) and relatives (Fred Poyns, Anita Talbert, Will Tierney, Ida Marshall and Irene Eachus), decorating the Christmas tree. Alice Heath (Goldie Hoffman), a college graduate, who is not in the family group, becomes the subject of conversation. Her relatives are much concerned for her because of "the attitude of the modern girl toward matrimony. "Now any girl ought to drop into Ned Porter's arms like a ripe plum." "The modern girl lacks femininity. She brushes her hair so smoothly that there isn't one entrancing little curl at the nape of her neck, where tendrils ought to grow." "And her one ambition is to have her tailored suit as near like a man's as she can get it." "Fine clothes may make a man, but they are apt to cover a very useless woman."

Dorothy Campbell (Marion Camp), Alice's little cousin, finally settles the matter by saying: "Alice **does** wear frilly things, underneath those tailored suits you don't like, because I've helped her sew the lace on them."

Later in the evening, when all is dark and still, Alice and Dorothy steal softly into the parlor and deposit their gifts at the foot of the tree. Ned Porter (Louis Williams), who is a favorite in the household and in love with Alice, comes in unexpectedly and Dorothy, trying to help matters along for Ned, suddenly, unawares to Alice, attaches Cupid at the top of the tree to Alice's dress, by a wire. Dorothy then disappears and Ned enters the parlor at a very opportune time, and, taking advantage of the situation, begs Alice to love him always if he will set her free (from the tree, **not** from Cupid).

The Crescent officers for the year have been elected, according to the Constitution, which calls for an election every quarter. The officers for the first quarter were: Hilda Brunn, Pres.; Violet McMillan, Vice-Pres.; Lillie Carrithers, Sec. For the second quarter, Minnie Noble, Pres.; Ethel Price, Vice-Pres.; Elizabeth Fletcher, Sec. For the third quarter, Lewis Williams, Pres.; Elsie Matterson, Vice-Pres.; Goldie Hoffman, Sec., and for the last quarter, Maude Blake, Pres.; Fred Poyns, Vice-Pres.; Will Tierney, Sec.

The last quarter the Eclectics re-organized and although the members are few, the material is strong and bright prospects for the future gleam forth for the Society under the leadership of their President, Bernice Hosfelt





## Y. W. C. A.

"To live is not to live for one's self alone;  
let us help one another."—Menander.

The Ellensburg branch of the Y. W. C. A. has its headquarters in the Normal building, and while its cabinet and most of its membership is composed of Normal girls the membership is not limited to the school alone. It is intended that it shall do as much good as possible in every way, and girls who do not attend the Normal school may belong to the association if they desire.

Every fall the active work of the Y. W. C. A. girls begins the day before school opens at the Normal. The girls return to town a day early and meet the trains for the purpose of welcoming the new girls and rendering assistance in any way possible.

The first social function of the year is a reception given by the Y. W. C. A. for the entire student body and faculty. The reception is for the purpose of making the students acquainted with each other and awakening a spirit of good fellowship and good will among former students and strangers. The reception given at the be-



ginning of the school year in the fall of 1912 was exceptionally successful. It was well attended and accomplished its mission in a delightfully informal way.

A regular meeting is held every Wednesday afternoon at the Y. W. rooms and all friends of the association are made very welcome. The hour is always spent in a pleasant and profitable manner; it may be a devotional or missionary service or perhaps a social or special meeting. One of the customs of the association is the setting aside of the first week of January as a week of prayer. This is a custom which is observed by branches of the association in colleges and universities everywhere.

Every year delegates are elected from the various branches of the association, in this and other states, to represent their particular societies at the mid-summer conventions held from year to year at places selected by the advisory boards. In this way interest is revived and inspirations are gained by meeting and discussing ways and means with other live, wide-awake workers. For several years the convention has been held at the Breakers and last year the meeting place was at Gearhart. Delegates from Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington are present and the week of the convention is one which those who attend can never forget. The time is happily and usefully employed in mission study, Bible classes and addresses in the mornings and evenings, while the afternoons are devoted to sports of various sorts, surf bathing, contests between the various schools represented, long walks through the vine-tangled forests, and the like. Birdie Anderson and Elizabeth Smith were our delegates last June and Minnie Kraus and Birdie Anderson represented us at the spring convention in Seattle.

Under the able leadership of Miss Florence Corbett and her faithful cabinet and the Advisory Board, consisting of Dr. Harris and Miss Wilson from the Faculty, and Mrs. Young, Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Mathews from town, the organization has prospered.

Interest in the Y. W. C. A. was at its highest point at the time when Miss Fox, the Student Secretary of the Northwest, visited the Normal and launched a campaign for increased membership. Miss Fox is surely a Y. W. C. A. live wire and puts herself into the work with such whole-heartedness that she is an inspiration to other workers. Much real help was obtained during the year by interesting and inspiring talks from the various leaders and especially those of Dr. Harris, Miss Fox and Miss Wilson.

The aim of the society, as so well portrayed in one of Miss Wilson's talks, is not to do a great many things but it is the spirit behind our actions. The purpose of the society is to foster the spirit of service in our own lives and the lives of others; to benefit each other by exchanging ideas—informal discussions of things that interest us and heart-to-heart talks. The Y. W. meetings should afford an Ark of Refuge and in the roof of this ark we should make a window opening upward, through which power will flow into our narrowed lives.

The officers of the organization are elected at the close of the third quarter to serve a term of one year.

The new officers are:

Lily Swanson, President.  
Nettie Moe, Vice-President.  
Nellie Long, Secretary.  
Ella Berg, Treasurer.



## Senior Coming Out

The students who had attended the Normal in previous years looked forward with much interest to the coming out of the 1913 Seniors and Juniors, because they had an idea from former experience as to what the events would be like, and the new students were quite as anxious for the occasions, for they had never seen the particular methods employed by Normal students in making what, in polite society, would probably be called their debut.

The Seniors, being older, wiser and more experienced in Normal tactics, succeeded, by dint of much planning and many class meetings, in "coming out" before the Juniors. On the morning chosen by them, the stage was occupied by Miss Hutchinson and Prof. Morgan, the Senior class teachers, holding lonely state and looking very wise. At their feet reposed a huge brown paper cocoon. In a moment a wise Senior, attired in cap and gown and carrying a large magnifying glass, came in and examined the cocoon, pronouncing judicially that the insect would soon come forth, which it did after much muscular contortion. The onlookers were not surprised to find that this was a Junior butterfly.

Presently a subdued buzzing was heard from the wings and a number of bees came upon the stage. Contrary to nature they each carried a pencil and note book and paused in front of their teachers to gather notes. A Senior, thinking the meaning might not be quite evident to the Juniors, recited an appropriate (?) poem explaining how the Senior bees diligently gather notes from all their instructors and otherwise improve their time while attending school; while the Junior butterflies flit from place to place and waste their precious moments. Whereupon a flock of pretty butterflies, representing Juniors, of course fluttered onto the stage, their daintily-colored wings in direct contrast to the sober, industrious bees.

At the completion of this apt illustration of the difference a year makes, the pianist struck up the appropriate tune of "Two Little Love Bees" and the Seniors, forgetting their dignity, joined hands and danced around the room several times before coming back to earth again.

The underclassmen were generous with their applause for the "coming out" had indeed been very clever.

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## Junior Coming Out

The learned Senior had predicted truly when she said the Junior butterfly was about ready to make its appearance. There was an unusual amount of activity among the Juniors and on the Tuesday morning following the Senior "coming out" the Juniors distinguished themselves in the brilliancy of their appearance.

Early in the morning, a large black and gold pennant, the Junior colors, waved defiance from the steeple of the Normal building, but its glory was short-lived, as it was taken down by a valiant and daring Senior and torn into ribbons in a few moments.

This was indication that something was about to happen and when the students came into the assembly room for the morning assembly, their excitement increased, for the curtain was down. While waiting for the curtain to rise the Seniors fought for scraps of the Junior colors which had been hung over the Senior section. The Juniors indeed felt honored that the haughty Seniors should fight so earnestly for a small scrap of the colors which were not their own and should wear them around all the remainder of the day.

At 8:30 the curtain went up and the literal circus began. The back of the stage was taken up by a huge cage with bars of black and yellow, behind which a host of Senior monkeys, the only ones in captivity, chattered and grinned.

Fred Poyns, the circus spieler, announced the coming of the circus attraction, the parade, and the W. S. N. S. students were treated to the sight of a circus parade such as was never seen before, nor will ever be seen again.

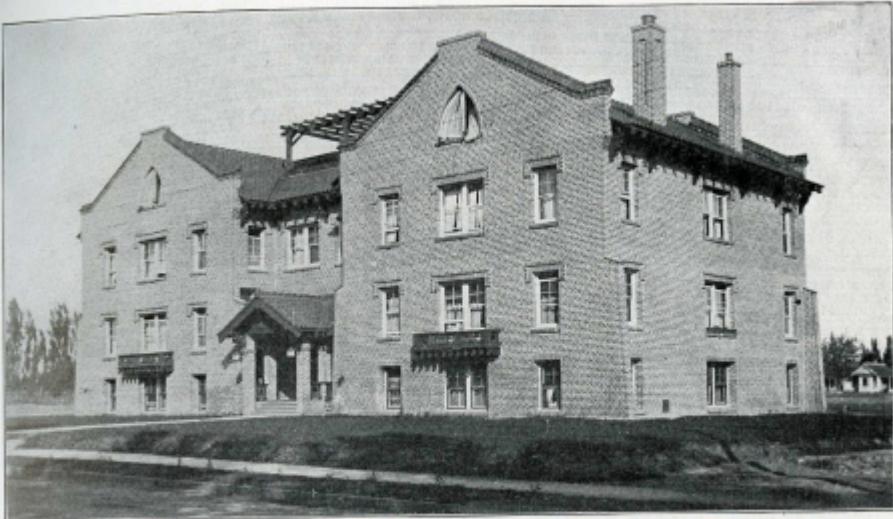
Aral Chapman made a very realistic monkey, the property of an Italian organ grinder, Marion Camp; after them came the giraffe (mostly carpet sweeper), an army mule, two chanticleers, a hen with a brood of chicks, several geese and bees. Special mention should be made of the Alaskan rabbit and the Seattle elephant. The animals paraded solemnly across the stage in true circus style, much to the gratification of the audience. Much applause was called forth when a keeper entered and threw Educator crackers to the hungry Senior monkeys.

The general applause was well merited by the Juniors, and the Seniors were obliged to acknowledge that it is not necessarily those who "come out" first that "come out" best for they had been entirely eclipsed by the Juniors.



## Dormitory.

Name	Favorite Occupation.	Favorite Expression
Martha Burbank	Cleaning her room.	Just a minute, Fuzzy.
Marion Hollinshead	Staying home	Oh, for goodness sake!
Ella Pearson	Doing her duty	For the love of John Henry!
Bessie Smith	Fancy work	Now, isn't that real smart?
Clarissa Smith	Making combing jackets	Oh, Heck!
Veva Benham	Helping Ned spend money	Quit bawling out people.
Goldie Hoffman	Trying to find Nettle	Yes, he's all right.
Henriette Loba	Supervising gym class in the hall	Jumping Jupiter!
Grace Bigford	Talking	I'd just love to cut, but I don't dare
Edith Martin	Contortions	Don't somebody know a new rag?
Leola Damon	Asking Mrs. Arthur for a key	Girls, is there any one in there waiting for me?
Mary Ritchie	Eating	I'm as hollow as a stick of macaroni.
Hazel Bailey	Looking for a man	It's time for me to go to the library.
Camilla Scheibe	Sewing	Mrs. Arthur is such a lovable woman.
Lillian Taylor	Primping for Chester	I just love to dance.
Martha Roehl	Sleeping	For the love of cheese!
Grace Brown	Entertaining in the parlor	Is that so?
Freda Thomsen	Match-making	Ja, Ich bin Dutch.
Dora Tewes	Taking walks	I'll ship you to Puyallup.
Ellen Manson	Hunting for mice	O Glory, kids!
Selma Nelson	Writing letters	Shut up! I want my—
Helen Roberts	Borrowing	Yes, honey.
Elsie Boucher	Reading in the library	Floating dogs!
Anne Wittenberg	Slamming doors	Take it from me.
Alice Bennett	Eating apples	That's all right.
Clara Berg	Posting Bill(s)	I've got something to tell you.
Ella Berg	Obeying Clara	Where's my kid curler?
Carol Kyes	Breaking things	Good night.
Mattie Black	Sleeping	I want in my own room.
Birdie Anderson	Reading poetry	For the love of dill pickles!
Fannie Chase	Ripping up dresses	Birdie, where's the key?
Ruth Eckert	Beautifying her nose	Well now, let me think a minute
Blanche Abercrombie	Motoring in the back seat	O you keep still.
Elma Wilson	Giggling	Yuma, where are you?
Loretta Hinckley	Reading	Listen, Kids!
Yuma Paulhamus	Searching for her shoes	Where's the Psychology lesson?
Hazel Boyington	Playing solitaire	I'll just tell you right.
Carrie Hammond	Dusting	Yes, I guess so.
Helen Hunt	Writing letters	Y-e-s?
Mabel White	Dreaming	For the love of Mike!
Dora Peterson	Developing pink cheeks	I think that's the limit!
Jeanette Robinson	Sewing	Yes, do come and see me some time.
Jeanette Slaudt	Making noise	If you don't like it, leave!
Leota Crain	Cleaning	Well, they wouldn't do that at Mrs. Arthur's table.
Minnie Kraus	Playing solitaire	I refuse.
Virginia Easterday	Climbing in the window	Is that you, Mr. Lee?
Carlotta Bennett	Wearing caps	I look just like a little gray mouse.
Eleanor Coe	Stamping her feet	Oh, dear!
Blanche Champlin	Curling her hair	Lawsy Pete!
Bernice Cotton	Washing her hands	Oh, you know—
Maude Sanborn	Playing the piano	Good gracious!
Wanda Hibarger	Going out to dinner	Oh, heck!
Florence Corbett	Giving stump speeches	O, at St. Paul's.



FOUND—This leaf from a dormitory girl's diary; identifier of the same call at the office:

6:15—Ding! ding! ding! ding!

I raised up to make a brave start toward dressing but sank back and began figuring on how I could prepare for breakfast in three minutes.

7:00—Ding! ding!

Have been up two and one-quarter minutes and all dressed but buttoning of shoes.

Back from breakfast. Made a wild dash for the powder can; result, a horse laugh when I entered the dining room under Mrs. Arthur's scrutinizing glance. Ate six saw-dust gems and sneaked an egg in my middy pocket to Yuma.

7:30—Entered the laundry. All boards taken and tubs filled—find them promised up to 7:00 p. m. Discouraged, I slipped into the parlor with a book Loretta left in our room, my safety being assured, as Mrs. Arthur was down town. On coming out found Anne not as fortunate as I for Mrs. Arthur, just coming in the door, meets Anne with two eggs just bought out in the road ?.

9:00—"MAIL!" "MAIL!"

A wild rush follows, all smiling. No diamonds today as Minnie's paper, which could be bought in town for three cents, took up the whole box. Turning toward my room I met Elsa with towel around her head. Upon inquiry I find her eyes have been ruined for life by Leola's diamond. Intended to clean the room, but as the hall is already crowded with furniture, I guess I will put off cleaning for another week.

1:00—Have just partaken of soup, a surprise, and a microscopic dish of sauce. Everybody sore because the mail has been given out.

4:50—Tried to study but failed, as I haven't yet acquired the ability to concentrate when I have more than six callers. Heard Ruth complaining because Minnie snored on so many keys she couldn't learn her song. Yuma and Ruth spent the afternoon rehearsing "Just What a Little Maiden Should Do." Endeavored to sleep but just as slumber fell upon me Fuzzy broke chair number three. Mrs. Arthur claimed it was done by main force or awkwardness. Elsa and Leota spent the afternoon arguing on the fundamentals of teaching.

5:30—All at dinner. Janette invented a scheme whereby piecrust resembles Miss Bigford's mouth (Wonder how she did it?). Another topic of conversation was "Why the pie ran short at Mrs. Arthur's table." Little brother came rushing (?) in late, delayed by flirting with Carrie, who was excused to play tennis.

7:00—Telephone on duty.

Two rings were heard in room 24, which were followed by a wild clamor. Appearing on the scene I found Yuma, who had been locked in by Retta, half way over the transom, shrieking, "Heavens, who can it be this time?" Virginia answered insinuatingly: "Well, it isn't Mr. Lee." Blanche was in the hall trying to find a dress that would hook and excited lest Ed would be unfriendly (Friend) at such a long wait. Some one recommended anti-fat. Returning to my room I found the usual bunch of tormentors leaning out the window. For blocks away could be heard remarks such as these:

"Who is that with Veva?"

"Oh, I guess not, Ned."

"There goes fourteen hundred a week."

"Poor Helen with her first Kindergartener."

"Honk, honk, get out of the way."

"Oh, there goes Ruth dramatizing her favorite song, 'Look Into My Eyes and Say It.'"

"Blanche did make it after all."

9:25—Soft cooing heard outside, which blended harmoniously to the melodies of love, rendered by Mr. Williams to Miss Bigford in the parlor. Lonely Camilla was hear walling for her absent love.

9:30—All in but Elma and her crowd, delayed by a punctured tire.

10:30—Lights out.

"Where are my kid curlers?" "Sh-h-h-h. Mrs. Arthur will be putting out this one-horse-power light."

"Dog gone, where's my mattress?"

Carroll chimed in: "Pipe the roof garden, Janette, can't you take off your shoes when you walk down this hall?" "Sh-h-h-h, Mrs. Arthur will be up here."

Creak! creak! on the stairs. Wild scurrying.

"Girls, do you want me to put these lights out?"

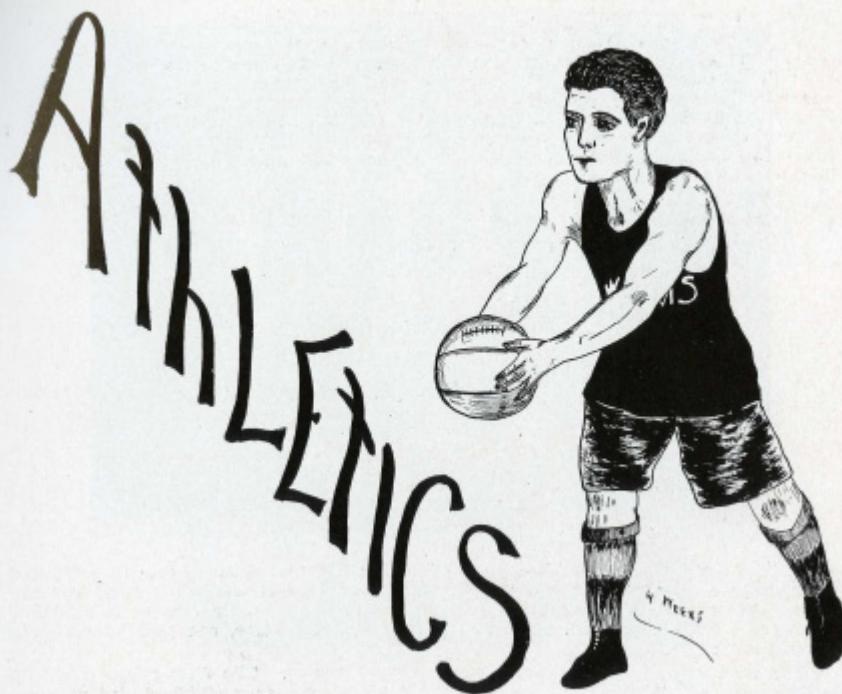
"Janette, come out and face the music."

"Oh, I must get this beautifier on. Just see what it has done for Ruth."

"Good night, Mrs. Arthur."

Silence (?) reigns supreme.





## Boys Athletics

Basket Ball was the only form of athletics at the W. S. N. S. this year, as only thirteen masculine outcasts entered school. As a result our prospects were rather dim, but, by dint of much exertion, considerable patience and some sarcasm, Coach Dallas and Capt. Tierney managed to get a team out, and occasionally a second team appeared, this latter event giving rise to great hilarity, in the training camp. We had regular (?) practice twice a week. From last year's team came Tierney and Champie, while Watkins and Baker, of the second team, appeared to help along the good work.

The first game played was with the Y. M. C. A., on December 13, when we were trimmed 29-18 in a fast, clean game. Before further games were played, we entered the Kittitas Valley League, organized between the Normal, Y. M. C. A., Thorp High, Ellensburg High, Maryland Club and the Y. M. C. A. Grays. The fight was for the valley championship. The games were all fast and snappy from the start. The first game was with Thorp High, on Jan. 10, and was won by the Normal. Baker, at forward, was the Normal mainstay. Score: Normal, 36; Thorp, 15.

The second time out, the Maryland Club came along and were trimmed to the merry jingle of 56 to 19. Watkins starred at forward, making thirteen baskets, a total of 26 points, which helped some. Then came the "Y," on Jan. 25, the Normal losing a very fast game. Champie played his game at running guard, getting three baskets from very difficult angles. Score: Normal, 19; "Y," 28.

We hooked up with the "Y" Grays next and Turner shone forth, making eleven baskets the last half, with Tierney and Watkins coming strong at forward. Roy Champie made his debut at guard and electrified the crowd by his clever playing.

On Feb. 15, we ran afoul of the Ellensburg High in the fastest game of the league series. Some idea of the fierceness of the game can be judged from the 17-to-9 score. It was anybody's game from the whistle. There was no starring on the part of the Normal boys, team-work being necessary to defeat Coach Brown's classy aggregation.

The last league game was with the Maryland, they nosing out the long



end of a 31-to-30 game. After this game the Normal was forced to drop out on account of an over-supply of work, which the faculty carried around for our benefit. We regretted the necessity of such action but it was a case of compulsion, as it were. We held second place in the league at the time, our percentage being .667 to the "Y" .833.

The schedule of outside games was not very heavy. The first game was with Cle Elum, at that famous burg, on Feb. 8. A stock of over-confidence sent us home with the abbreviated portion of a parcel labeled Normal 25, Cle Elum 29. No regrets, for we lost to a fast, square bunch.

Then came our trip to Prosser and Mabton, Feb. 13 and 14. The result is sad to contemplate. In the first place, the champion Prosser five took us to their hearts in dead earnest. The post-mortem says: Normal, 27; Prosser, 42.

It was at this noble town that Tierney and Watkins found a Merry Widow. The Mabton bunch seemed to be lying in wait, for they gathered 32 points to the Normal's 17, much to the edification of Mabton, in general. Then the return games.

Cle Elum came on Feb. 28, to repeat the dose of the first fray. Nothing like that, though. Normal, 34; Cle Elum, 18. "Snuf." Mabton was next, March 7. The boys played real basket ball that night, and won a hard-fought game, 18 to 16. We know the result here at the W. S. N. S. and hope that the Mabtonites have a like intelligence as well.

The last game was with the Ellensburg High and we wound up very fittingly by defeating them, 18 to 10. This made the total number of points scored by the Normal 365 to their opponents' 301. So closed the season.

Too much credit cannot be given the members of the second team for the faithful, strenuous work they put in, in giving the first team some husky scrimmages. The training school team also turned out well, getting in some good work on their part, as well as providing the Normal team with some strenuous labors.

Letter winners for the season were: Tierney, Watkins, Turner, Baker, Champie and Poyns.

#### The Line-up.

Coach—Jas. Dallas.  
Mgr.—Fred Poyns.  
Capt.—Will Tierney.

#### First Team.

	Position.	Second Team.
Watkins	Right Forward	R. Champie
Baker	Left Forward	Poyns
Turner	Center	Hawthorne
Tierney	Right Guard	Gibson
C. Champie	Left Guard	Shelton



## Girls Athletics



The season of 1913 marks one of the most successful seasons in Girls' Basket Ball, for a number of years. This is due to their coach, Mr. Dallas, their efficient manager, Edith Martin, their captain, Clarissa Smith, and the persistent work of the team. When the first call for a turn-out was sounded, many girls answered. The first few weeks of practice was rather discouraging to the anxious athletes, as it was difficult to obtain a coach who could attend the practices faithfully. Mr. Newton Henton was kind enough to offer his services as coach, but did not have sufficient time to do justice to both his work and coaching

the team. But what would our team have been without the timely interest and enthusiasm of Mr. Dallas, our final coach, and the untiring energy and boosting of our manager, Edith Martin!

W. S. N. S. vs. E. H. S., Feb. 22, 1913.

After a few months of practice the girls obtained the opening game of the season with the Ellensburg High School in the H. S. Gym. The game opened with a rush and the interest was high every moment, as the score was evenly divided through the game. The game resulted in a score 10 to 13, in favor of the Normal girls. The star of the game was Clarissa Smith, the fast center of the W. S. N. S.

team. The victory of this game encouraged more persistent work on the part of the W. S. N. S. girls. The result of this work is shown in the following games:

W. S. N. S. vs. Mabton H. S., March 1, 1913.

The Normal girls won a very close game of basket ball from the Mabton girls by a score of 18 to 16. The game was at all times closely contested, but the second half was packed with thrills and the suspense became almost painful in the last few hard-fought minutes. The Normal started aggressively and gained fourteen points in the first half, while their opponents were gathering five. Then came tense, almost tragic situations. Some of the Normal girls began to show the effects of the preparation for the Colonial party and the dancing of the day before. The Mabton team increased their speed in the second half and steadily scored till they had added eleven points while the Normal struggled for four. For the Normal girls, Miss Ames scored all but two of the points and passed as well as her running mate, Miss Selma Nelson. Miss Clarissa Smith, at center, out-footed her opponent and passed beautifully. Miss Crim and Miss Hunt, at guard, deserve special credit for holding a pair of very fast forwards to so slow a score. Mabton had played a tie game with North Yakima High on Friday night before. Prof. McManus, of Mabton, was referee of the game there.

The line-up was as follows:

W. S. N. S.	MABTON
Helen Ames . . . . .	Forward . . . . .
Selma Nelson . . . . .	Rose Munson
Clarissa Smith . . . . .	Vinnie Coleman
Ella Berg . . . . .	Center . . . . .
Minnie Noble . . . . .	Edna Young
Margaret Crim . . . . .	Florence Bradford
Helen Hunt . . . . .	Guard . . . . .
Maude Blake . . . . .	Edna Young
	Ritta Shattuck
	Irene Burfield

W. S. N. S. vs. E. H. S., March 11, 1913.

The Normal girls won their second game from the Ellensburg High School, March 11, scoring sixteen points to their opponent's five. The first half was one-sided, ten to nothing. Both teams used substitutes in the second half. For the Normal, Miss Ames made all the points but one; but the passing of her mate at forward, Miss Noble, made these points possible. The team passing was accurate and successful. Miss Smith, at center, had no trouble in reaching the spot when the ball was due, before her opponent. The score showed that Miss Hunt and Miss Crim, at guard, were doing good work. Miss Berg out-played her opponent. For the high school Miss Hall and Miss Wright scored the points, while Miss Schoe make deserves much credit for holding the Normal to sixteen points.

The Normal boys, against the wishes of their management, accepted a game with the E. H. S. boys, twenty minutes before it began and won a rather one-sided game of twenty-nine to eleven.

The girls' line-up was as follows:

W. S. N. S.	E. H. S.
Helen Ames . . . . .	Forward . . . . .
Minnie Noble . . . . .	Adelyn Ames
Clarissa Smith . . . . .	Addie Hall
Ella Berg . . . . .	Center . . . . .
Margaret Crim . . . . .	Mabel Robinson
Helen Hunt . . . . .	Guard . . . . .
Loretta Hinckley . . . . .	Bessie Shoemaker
	Ellen Jeans

F. M. Carter refereed both games.

W. S. N. S. vs. Prosser and Mabton High Schools.

The girls' basket ball team took a trip to Prosser and Mabton, Mar. 14 and 15th. The game played at Prosser was won by the W. S. N. S. girls by a score of sixteen to nine. The game was hotly contested from start to finish and the outcome was doubtful until the time-keeper blew the whistle. From Prosser the girls went to Mabton and played Saturday evening. In this game the Mabton girls won from the local team by a score of twenty-five to twenty-one. The Normal team showed speed and fine team work throughout both games. Those making the trip were: Misses Minnie Noble, Clarissa Smith, Helen Hunt, Helen Ames, Margaret Crim, Selma Nelson, Ella Berg and Edith Martin. The girls were chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. Dallas.



## Club House

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Ringer.....	Starring as the fairy in "The Blue Bird"
Miss May Maxwell .....	With the Wonderful Kellerini Company
Violet McMillan.....	{ From the latest Musical comedy, "The Gold Dust Twins."
Elizabeth Fletcher.....	
Mabel Hayton .....	Leading lady in "The Girl From Minnesota"
Vera Campbell .....	Known as Miss I. Reckonso, with the "Wapato Wanderers"
Lilly Swanson.....	World's greatest acrobat. Appeared last season at Madison Square Garden
Luella Gross.....	Author of the tragedy, "Incompatibility of Temperament"
Lillie Carrithers.....	The favorite in "Kentucky Babe"
Margaret Jones .....	Starred two seasons in "The Search for Kelly"
Ida Marshall .....	Appeared in the tragedy "Some Day When Dreams Come True"
Francis Wit .....	Star of "The Lass With the Delicate Air Co."
Maude Blake .....	The Primma Donna noted for her Paris gowns
Marie Ingalls.....	Chorus girl from the "Happy Heine Co."
Celia Upham .....	Recently appeared in the musical hit, "Carry Me Back to Minnesota"
Lydia Bronson .....	The playwright. Her latest success, "The Girl From Missouri"
Esther Johnson.....	Author of the famous song, "My Heart Is in Tacoma, And I'm Going Home"
Cora Middleton.....	The world-famous moving picture actress, lately seen in "The Hills of Montana"

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Hall of the Co-operative Club House. Hall lined with trunks, leaving a small passage way into the dining room and parlor. Several girls scattered around on trunks, stairway and doorsteps.

FRANCES (with her voice that carries so, ushering in Vera and Luella, the late arrivals): "Girls, Come right in here first and see our room. We came early and have the grandest room. Marie and Maude are going to room with me."

VERA: "I reckon we'll have some grand times around that fireplace."

LUELLA: "And notice the inverted candelabra effects of the illuminating apparatus."

MARIE: "That carpet gets me. Look at the holes in it. It makes me tired."

VERA (counting the trunks and hunting for names on suitcases): "I reckon all the old clubites are back again. I hope the new ones aren't sticks."

FRANCES: "That reminds me. It's time we went to meet the other girls."

MAUDE: "There isn't a thing in this house to eat. We'll have to stop at the Antlers, coming back."

FRANCES: "Come on, kids."

EXEUNT.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Same Hall. More girls present.

MAUDE: "Here's a suitcase that looks as if it had been to Europe. Vera's, I'll bet. But who is E. B. F."

VICTOR: "No, I reckon my suitcase hasn't seen Europe yet. That belongs to the new girl from Tacoma. 'Fetch Her' or something like that. You know, Miss Ringer picked her out."

FRANCES: "Say, she's the cutest girl. She's going to room with Violet and May in the attic. They're in the Romeo and Juliet now. Ida is the possessor of this suitcase. Josie's sister you know."

LUELLA: "I predict that you will acquire a deep affection for her."

IDA (From head of the front stairs): "Does any one know whether Fordie is coming back or am I going to room alone?"

FRANCES: "No, she is ill and can't come for two weeks."

VIOLET: "Look at Otto's baby grand in the living room. I wonder if we can play rag-time this year?"

Enter Miss Ringer and Otto, with their arms full of groceries.

MISS RINGER: "No, girls, no rag-time on the piano this year. You are all good cooks. Who wants the honor of getting the first dinner in the new club?"

VIOLET (Hastily): "Come on, Marie, let's take Bee and show her the Normal."

Exit, Violet, Bee, May, Marie.

VICTOR: (Going quickly to the door): "I reckon that hammock looks good. Let's try it."

Exit, Vera, Maude, Luella.

FRANCES (Looking after the other girls): "Let's take Ida up to Craig's Hill."

Exit, Frances, Lillie, Ida.

Miss Ringer and Otto look blankly around the empty room for a moment, then make their way to the kitchen.

Miss Ringer's voice, from distance: "Well, I wonder why they all left."

ACT II. SCENE I.

Miss Ringer's room. Five girls on the bed, five on the couch, two in the wood box, two on the floor. Miss Ringer smiling complanely from her rocking chair.

MISS RINGER: "You're a good-looking group but you're naughty sometimes. Maude and Marie, you keep your door closed lots better, but yesterday it was open when Dr. Harris came in; and speaking of doors, you know, girls, yesterday I felt so ashamed when Miss Grupe and I went by. I could see straight through the house into the pantry. Frances, you sang before 7:30 this morning. Please be quiet

by 10:15. Marie, will you ring the study bell? I don't believe there is anything more this evening."

MAUDE: "Yes, Miss Ringer, there is something more. Vera and I don't want to get dinner any more. Nobody likes the way we cook."

VIOLET: "Why, Maude, we never said a thing about it."

VERA: "Violet, you said tonight that you wouldn't eat liver and bacon at all."

MAUDE: "Yes, and Ida is always saying something about tapioca pudding and tomatoes."

IDA: "Well, I did say that I didn't like tapioca pudding, and I don't, so there."

FRANCES: "Miss Ringer, may I go? I have to entertain my company."

MISS RINGER: "Nobody can go till we decide this. We have to have some cooks and the first one who goes will have to be one."

Exit, Francis.

An hour later, after much discussion, the girls file out the door.

MISS RINGER: "Lillie and May will help Frances. All right girls."

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene in living room. Study bell rings violently. Lower hall girls stream downstairs, screaming. Some ask if it's a spread, others if it's a fire.

MARIE: "It's only because I want to study, you mutts."

IDA: "Now, what's wrong with Marie?"

MARIE: "Well, if you want to celebrate come on in. We have three minutes. Let's have a dance."

BEE: "May, you play the Black Hawk Waltz." (May seats herself at the piano and begins to play, accompanied by Margaret on the guitar and Ida with the zither. The other girls scramble for their partners.

MABEL (After dancing for fifteen minutes): "Gork, I'm tired. Let's have a change."

LUELLA: "Oh, Swannie, my room mate dear, play one of your favorites. I feel so exuberant I should like to trip the light fantastics."

SWANNIE: "Well, girls, I'll play Il Trovatore for you, all my music is classical."

BEE: "Oh, Swannie, we can't dance to that. Play something else."

MABEL: "Roommate, get that grouch off your face, you'll hear from him tomorrow. Maude, tell her the dream you had last night about her and—"

IDA: "Horrors, Maude, what makes you dream such awful things?"

MAY: "Well, dearie, maybe his arm's broken and he can't write. But, Mabel, dearie, Hans' arm isn't broken, three letters a day!"

VIOLET: "Let's have some eats. Margaret you can cook and wash the dishes, too."

(Phone rings. May answers it.)

MAY: "Violet, dearie, I think it's—" (Whispers name).

Violet converses with loud and helpful suggestions from the girls. Finally —

VIOLET: "Yes, I'll be ready in fifteen minutes."

MARGARET: "Well, girls, Violet has made a date again."

CARRITHERS: "Well, Marguerite, we don't care. I'll take you down to Schultz."

Enter, Celia Lydia and Esther.

CELIA: "Why didn't you kids ring the dinner bell out doors. We haven't had anything to eat since last night."

SWANNIE: "Why, dear, I got up from the table to go out and ring the bell for you."

LYDIA: "What was it, a kettle cover? It was a frying pan last night."

ESTHER: "I'm sure Swannie saved something for me."

MARGARET: "It's your own fault, I guess, if you're late."

LYDIA: "Come on, Celia, I'm going to the kitchen. I'm sure there are some corn flakes anyway."

MAUDE: "You bet there are, honey."

MABEL: "Let's all follow Violet to the show. Bee, are you game?"

BEE: "No, I'm going to study tonight."

MAUDE: "I can't go. I haven't anything to wear."

BEE: "Well, Ida, what are we going to have for breakfast Cream toast?"

IDA: "Don't mention breakfast to me."

GIRLS: "We're off for the show, come on every one. Here go the chaperones."

EXEUNT.



## Wise and Otherwise

### One on Prof. Morgan.

Watkins: "Mr. Morgan caught me mimicking him during assembly this morning."  
Poyns: "What did he say?"  
Watkins: "He told me to stop making a fool of myself."

### What's the Use?

What's the use of guessing  
Before reports come out  
If you have been studying  
You needn't have a doubt.  
But if you've been bluffing  
What's there to kick about?

### A Student.

A student is a body of solid matter surrounded by studies. Most students, however, are impervious to their surroundings. The most notable characteristics of students are their ability to make excuses and their wonderful capacity for absorbing knowledge (out of school). The Normal student is the most interesting of all because he defies classification. Some students are known to have studied, but instances are rare and isolated.

### Heard in Commercial Geography Class.

Prof. Mehner: "What would happen if each place raised its own products and exchanged with no one?"  
Miss Ella Berg: "It would be a Brown County for sure."

Prof. Mehner (After an unusual chemistry test): "I think the first three letters in chemistry should be dropped and call it mystery."

Prof. Klemme (In Psychology, reading names of his new class): "Hazel Boyington. That's a suggestive name, alright. Miss Rentschler. That's a good name to change."

Miss Hoffman (To Seniors at teachers' meeting): "If any of you should be sick or die, please inform me at once."

Baker. "I have an idea, Genevieve."  
G. Dove: "Treat it kindly, Frank, it's in a strange place."

A little girl, walking with her mother, upon meeting Mr. Poyns, said: "Step aside, mother, and let the gentleman pass."

Prof. Mehner (Speaking of Socrates the dog, who was chewing a rock in the corner): "Why don't you feed that dog? I hate to see him go hungry but I must preserve my specimens."

Mr. Klemme: "On the first page you will find the beginning."

Baker, absent from parliamentary law.  
Prof. Morgan: "Is he working up for the basket ball game?"  
Chas. Champie: "I think he is working at something else."  
Prof. Morgan: "Is he trying to make himself popular with some young lady?"

Miss Hoffman answers the telephone call.

Voice over the wire: "This the Bull Dog?"

Miss Hoffman: "Well, I feel rather pugnacious, but this is the Principal of the Training School."

Dr. Harris, in English: Next time we will commence with the tenth question, thence to hell."

#### Hair-Raising Adventure.

Scene—Dining Room, of Dormitory.

Setting—Dinner Table.

#### ACT I.

"Gee aint it fierce the way those Senior girls pull hair?"

#### ACT II.

Gee aint it fierce the way Mrs. Arthur shook Jeanette?"

#### ACT III.

"Gee aint it fierce how the Jap got all the hairpins?"

Prof. Klemme: "There are not many men teachers in this country who smoke. Do you know why?"  
Voice: "They can't afford the cigars."

Composed by a Left-out, in an hour of Anguish after the Basket Ball game.

Mr. Tierney, smiling broadly, sat right at the end.  
In the next seat was Miss Clara—well, with quite a bend—  
Guess you know in what direction (Over toward the end.)  
Right beside them Grace and Watkins, didn't care a bit,  
All the school was looking at them—that they'd made a hit.  
Cast your eyes a little farther; oh, what is it there we see?  
Lillian and next her Turner, with one foot across his knee.  
Then a jump, and right beyond them we'll see Poyns with dear Irene,  
Gazing at her, vaguely wondering if it's all a dream.  
Ah, such conduct in the Normal—such a bad example, too,  
All the left-out girls, poor students, and there's nothing they can do.

Ella Berg: "Say, does anybody know where my gym shoes are?"  
Voice: "Go to Hel-en and Hunt."

"For he's a jolly good fellow." Say, what is a jolly good fellow?  
Yuma (Absentely): "One that all the other girls are crazy about."

"What did you get in art, Minnie?"  
"H-m, they tried to make my monogram, instead of a grade."

#### The Ten Commandments of the Dorm.

Thou shalt curl thy hair with kid curlers, for candles are an abomination to the insurance company.

Twenty-three hours thou mayst play cards but the twenty-fourth thou must spend in slumber.

Thou shalt not steal oranges and conceal them in thy stocking. In Boston this would be considered a breach of etiquette.

Thou shalt not practice oral expression or gym. during study hour.  
Thou hadst better come in backwards after ten-thirty, so as not to face Mrs. Arthur (unless thou hast a key).

Thou shalt not take the Seattle Daily Times.  
Thou shalt not rag. It shocks the faculty.  
Thou shalt not soak thy basketry reeds in the bath tub. Taint nice.  
Thou shalt run thy enemy for house president.  
Thou really must be good.

Jeanette S. (Wandering about the halls of the Dorm): "To move or not to move, that is the question."

"Let nothing come between us, love,"  
He cried, in accents tender.  
"Gee," said the small boy, neath the couch,  
"It'd have to be awful slender."

New Junior: "What is that chimney out on the campus for?"

Wise Senior: "Why, the school board doesn't want the grass to freeze out on the lawn, so they make a fire there and heat hot water to keep the plants warm."

Freshman girl (Looking over her physical report): "Why, look here. I haven't a heart."

Dear Santa:—

This here is the list of the things the Faculty want in their stocking. They didn't have the nerve to send it, 'cause it's babyish:

Prof. Wilson wants some self-control pills for the Seniors and Secondaries.

Prof. Morgan, a Roberts Rules of Order and a Constitution for Monday Assemblies.

Dr. Harris, some properly written letters, 'cause the Seniors are tired of makin' 'em for her. You'd better sign Sincerely Yours.

Dr. Munson, a pineal eye to put in that turtle.

Miss Ensle, some strong spirits (for the school song).

Miss Bullock, a year's subscription to the "Appeal to Reason."

Miss Stellar, some appreciation for the pretty pictures the Juniors ha' been a-makin'.

Prof. Klemme, some days that are twenty-six hours long, so he won't have to hurry.; also some hair—tonic.

Prof. Mehner, a new camera. The Sophies busted his last one.

Miss Hutchinson, a season ticket to the basket ball games. She aint been out but once—just once.

Miss Grupe, a gross of tooth-brushes to send to Brown County.

Miss Hoffman, some G's. She seems to run out of 'em.

Miss Meisner, some more Juniors to learn Kindergarten work. They are so bright.

Mr. Whitney, another duster coat, please, 'cause this one's getting short for him.

I guess the rest of the Faculty aint very particular what they get. If this is too late for Christmas, you can just keep it for next year, 'cause I don't think they'll get 'em between times. If they do I'll let you know.

Yours truly,  
LITTLE HELPER.

Prof. Munson, in Biology: "Miss Crain, what is our lesson about today?"

Miss Crain: "You were to finish the lecture you started Friday, and we were to have the first lesson in our book."

Miss Hutchinson, in Oral Expression: "Miss Kraus, you must leave the earth."

Other papers all remind us  
We can make our own sublime,  
If our fellow students send us  
Contributions all the time.

Here a little, there a little  
Story, club note, song and jest;  
If you want a good school paper  
Each of you must do your best.

—Anon

We have noticed that some of the girls and all of the boys are having a hard time with the new and rather complex directions for making oneself beautiful. We have decided to print herein a few simple rules, which, if they wish to try, we will guarantee will bring startling results:

To reduce freckles, pry them out gently with a nut pick; should this fail, try blasting.

The drooping lid may be acquired by sitting up late at night. Brilliancy may be imparted to the complexion by powdering with diamond dust.

Friend to W. T. Monday following Sunday afternoon: "Say, Will, things are getting interesting. Please explain."

W. T.: "Oh, you know. Spring is coming."

We have been fortunate in obtaining several new animals for the W. S. N. S. zoo this season and now have: One crane, three bullocks, one campbell, one hair, one dove, two martins, a kidd and a coon.

Anita, in gymnasium: "Which foot do you put back first in this exercise?"

Miss Davidson: "The rear one."

Prof. Mehner, in Physical Geography: "Miss Berg, what would a company do if they had their machinery in one section of the country and coal fields in another?"

E. B.: "Why, they would transport their machinery."

Smith Ames to Cross the Waters of the Bigford, and Chase the Baker from the Whitehouse.

Clara Berg: "If I had my own will I would never teach school."

Teacher, giving out census blanks: "Now Johny, take this slip and fill it out, giving the address of your parents."

Johny: "My father is dead and I don't know his address."

Gladys: "Leola, I saw you spooning yesterday, on the railroad track."

Leola: "Oh, I didn't know any one was within a mile."

"What is the matter, son? Where is the Roe?"

"Oh, Chester Turn (ed) er loose and went to see the Taylor about the Price of Cotton."

Dr. Munson: "What do you call a man who takes up a new proposition?"

P. Prickett: "An undertaker."

Mr. Mehner, in Geography: "There are about five people who haven't handed in their note books yet, and it is almost time for them to be handed in again."

Baker, quickly: "Don't read the names, Mr. Mehner."

Mr. Mehner: "No, it would hardly be worth while."

Watkins, to the bunch: "Now let's sing my song."

Poyns: "What is it?"

Watkins: "Saved by Grace."

Wit: "Tom said he was going to let his mustache grow just because I like it. So there."

Carrithers: "Yes, and he told Helen Ames he was going to shave it off because she didn't like it."  
Wit: "Well, men are all false, anyway."

Henry cannot Bair the Wit of the Young Gardener very Long in the Loba (Lobby) at Wittenberg.

Miss Stellar, in art, to Mr. Poyns (the only boy in the class): "You have had all this work, Mr. Poyns, but I must give it to these girls and you can see just how it must be presented to the little people."

German II. Class, Mr. Uchikata: "That German dictionary is rotten."

H. Brunn: "Das ist nicht Deutsch."  
Mr. U.: "No, I'm speaking English now."

Would Vervian Waite while Clara rows (Roe-s) to Marion's Camp, where Helen Hunts Bullocks?

Mr. Mehner, in Geography: "Speaking of bluffs, some of you are acquainted with them."  
Ann Wittenberg: "Yes, Baker, for instance."  
Mr. Mehner, looking straight at Ann: "And he's not the only one."

Dr. Munson, in Sociology: "Miss Martin, why it is that men and women marry persons of different characteristics?"  
E. Martin: "I can't speak for others, but variety is the spice of life for me."

I Leick to Camp on the Burbank near the White Burch on Easterday and see the Miller Doust the Kld (d) for Potter (ing) with Rodman's Peairs.

A fifth-grade boy in defining skeleton, says: "A skeleton is a man with his insides out and his outsides off."

Miss Stellar, in construction work: "Now Miss Campbell made this little aviation cap. Notice the bill in the back of it."  
Miss Campbell: "No, I never made it."  
Miss Stellar: "Then it belongs to some other club house girl who is interested in aviation."

Prof. Klemme, calling the roll: "Miss Manson (silence), Ellen, where art thou?"

#### Happened on the Sleigh Ride.

Vervian: "Say, Claude, do you know I love you truly?"  
Claude After a sleepy pause): "Uh, yes, I thought so."

Freda T., in English: "I thought tense meant to be tight."

Miss Bullock: "The right of children to make mud pies should be mentioned in the Declaration of Independence."

Prof. Klemme, in Psychology: "Miss Gordon, do you inherit good looks?"

Mr. Tierney, at meeting of the Associated Students, appointed four on a committee for the revision of the constitution.

Mr. Carlson: "I think we ought to have an odd number."  
Mr. Tierney: "Well, I'll appoint Miss Bailey."

**Overheard**

"Celia, what did you get in arithmetic?"  
Celia: "Oh, I got through."

Girl in Algebra Class: "Mr. Williams, shall we leave this example on the board?"  
Mr. Williams: "Yes, you may erase."

Roy: "In Latin 'Neco' means—I kill."  
Henson: "In Japanese 'Neco' means—cat."  
Marvin: "In English 'Kill-cat' means—bad luck for nine years."

Growing mustaches a specialty. Where?  
On the upper lip.  
How about holding hands?  
It's a specialty, too—in the Algebra class.  
Who is the specialist?  
Tom Williams, of course.

Dr. Munson: "What will happen to a beet if grown in ground that has been plowed quite shallow?"  
E. M.: "It will be disfigured."

Prof. Klemme: "I don't know when Washington lived but it was some time in the past."

In Oral Expression. "Emphasis? Why emphasis is-is-is different than touch or pitch or any of those things—"  
"Yes, it's different than milking cows, too, but that isn't very different."

**Boy's Definition of the Constitution.**

Ques.: "What is the Constitution?"  
Ans.: "Why it's the back of the book that nobody reads."

Prof. Morgan, in Algebra class: "We have finished one page, ready for the next. Alright, turn over."  
(After a few seconds). "I mean, turn the page over."

**Found in Physics Laboratory.**

"To map the magnet field, write your name on the back of the paper and put it over the magnets and sift filings over it."

Struppel: "That report has got my goat."  
Shelton: "Why don't you keep your goat tied up?"

Frances Wit (Looking at a campaign button): "What does W. and M. stand for?"  
Junior: "Wilson and Marshall."  
Frances: "Who are they?"  
—This from a Senior!

Anna Wittenberg (In English class): "I think that story is too old for the fourth grade. Why, it seems to appeal to me, as old as I am."

Waiter, at the Dormitory: "How will you have your oysters?"  
Students: "RAW! RAW! RAW!"

Blanche A.: "Why doesn't the moon radiate heat like the sun?"

Ruth E.: "You would never hear of moonlight strolls."

Mr. Mehner: "If in taking excursions for geographical purposes one was unable to go, what would you do?"

Ruth Eckert: "Take that student some Saturday."

Mr. Mehner: "That would be alright if it was the eighth grade."

**Echoes From the Kindergarten.**

Ralph, looking at the first pussy willows of the season: "If you put them behind the stove they'll hatch out into little kittens, won't they?"

Teacher to child: "How did you feel when you were doing something you knew was wrong?"

Child: "I feel like I was a little bit sick."

Clerk, to Florence, who is lost in a store: "Well, little girl, I guess you're lost, aren't you?"

Florence: "No, I'm not lost but I guess my Mama is."

After the matinee, Little Girl: "Thank you, Miss Meisner, for the pleasant time. My Mama didn't tell me to say it, either. I thought of it all by myself."

At the matinee—Jack, seeing a picture of a cinnamon grove: "Is this where they get the cinnamon buns?"

Little girl: "In winter they give the cow nice, warm brandy (bran)."

Child: "May I play the cyclone (xylophone)?"

New Child, chosen by another in game "Farmer in the Dell."

Children sing—"The Nurse Takes the Dog," but she chooses no one. Finally some one asks: "Why don't you choose the dog?"

New child, looking around the room: "Where is the dog?"

Warren Mehner, on the playground to a child who has a wooden sword: "If you kill any one they'll take you to the insane asylum and then if you don't behave they'll put you in the electricity chair and they'll kill you."

Helen Roberts: "Miss Stellar, I didn't mean to cut up so in class, but I couldn't help it."

Miss Stellar: "Yes, I know, I always laugh myself, you do such amusing little tricks."

Dr. Munson, in Biology: "The amoeba feeds on plants, now what kind of an animal do you call it?"

Lewis W.: "Why, it's a vegetarian."

Miss Hutchinson, in Gymnasium: "I will explain how it is done and then you try. First, put your right toe on your left shoulder—"

A. B. (gracious Junior), motioning to Dr. Harris to take the right-of-way:  
"Age before beauty."

.. Grocer: "These are the Ellensburg wormless apples" (hard green ones).  
F. Wit: "They are so hard that a worm couldn't bore into them."

1

There was a young lady named Gladys  
Whose looks were always the saddest,  
So she put on a grin  
And she looked so like sin  
That she kept it forever to scare the young men.

2

There was a young lassie named Pearl  
Whose hair was bound never to curl  
So she braided it tight  
And during the night  
It kinked and would never unfurl.

3

There was a young lady named "Fuzzy,"  
Her hair was all curly and wuzzy—  
She thought it a sin  
So she pulled till 'twas thin  
And the next crop came out just as fuzzy.

4

There was a young fellow named Tierney  
To Prosser he went on a journey.  
There he met a fair maid,  
Won her heart, so 'tis said.  
'Tis strange to what actions some people are lead.

Miss H.: "Powdwer and spasmodics are absolutely essential to all girls in this climate."

Miss Stellar, in art: "They don't look so different if you don't look at them."

B. Cox, in Psychology class: "I bet Prof. Klemme was a perfect fright in school, or he'd not know all about us students."

Birdie Anderson, in Education: "The married women among the Pueblo Indians were distinguished in that they always had their hair banged off around their faces."

Aral C.: "What did you say?"

Frightened Pupil: "Nothing."

Miss C.: Well, don't say it again."

Ivor S.: "I think I shall revise the alphabet."

Minnie G.: "What's the idea?"

Ivor: "Well, so that U and I will stand close together."

Chet Turner: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Phoebe: "I never attended any."



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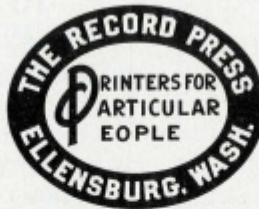
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